

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

AUGUST, 1920

Letter Allen

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Features in This Number:

The Lovecall Beth Ben Ali

How the Iris Came to Earth

The Unanswered Searcher

The "Miracle Woman" of Milwaukee

Immortality Charles P. Fleming

Forceful Photographic Evidence of
Spirit Return

Why Is Man Immortal? . Charles H. Conner
Fronstrom

The Journey of the Soul
. Maude Misener Leary

This Number Contains Several Unusual Spirit Photographs

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THE STEAD CENTER

533 Grant Place

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Chicago, Illinois

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

AUGUST, 1920

Volume I

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"I Leaned Upon this Staff and It Sustained Me!"

These are the exact words spoken by a hard-headed, successful business man who suddenly met reverses. A fortune was swept away from him in a twinkling. One day he was in affluence, and the next day he was a man almost without money.

Just at the time when he was certain that his worries were a thing of the past, this new, stunning blow fell upon him—and he faced the situation of starting anew!

He said, "I was worn out. I never knew until this terrible thing occurred how tired I was. I had been keyed up, expecting to make the goal in a few more months. I would have retired with a fortune. Then—unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, this crushing defeat fell upon me. I did not know which way to turn. A lifetime of struggling had come to naught."

But this man did not pause. He needed strength. He needed support. He must find something to lean upon. There was no person who seemed to offer that sustaining assistance.

Under the circumstances, it would have been easy to quit—but if a man quits when he is without money, what is there to be done? Then, of all times, one must **KEEP TRYING—KEEP GOING!**

Some months prior to this time, this man had purchased a number of The Stead Center books. Like many others, he had admitted freely enough that they were interesting. He felt that they were true. Busily engaged with his many duties, he had taken that philosophy as a matter of course. It was something which he did not deny, but it was not present—not near him. It was always a little way off, awaiting the day when he need worry no longer about material cares, and could settle down to a life of ease and study.

In like manner, many folk look forward to "enjoying life," only to find that at the rainbow's end, there is sickness and a lack of strength and interest. Many a person has slaved for years to pile up a fortune, only to realize that all those whom he loved,

and for whom he labored, have been gathered to the Great Majority. And many a man, like this gentleman, has found that when his fortune was made, he was unable to enjoy it.

Countries, like men, thrive best under adversity. Only when Babylon became fat did it become sinful. Rome prospered too much—and sank into decay. In the years of struggle, the greatest achievements are recorded.

When this terrible defeat came to this man, he summoned his scant financial resources, and struck out for a distant place. But in his heart was a haunting FEAR. He was afraid that he was DONE, that he had made his last start. He was afraid that the crash that had wrecked his business, would wreck him as well.

When he packed up to take his trip, he tossed into a suit-case the books he had purchased of The Stead Center, and among them was one that seemed easiest to read—and his mind was not to be quieted by the fiction magazines or novels. He needed NERVE!

He looked at the blue cover of "Unmasking Fear," and while he had read it before and had pronounced it "clever," it seemed to be the one thing that he needed most in his difficulties. He read it—and read it again—and studied it—and during the more than three days of his journey, he read it many times.

He says, "I could repeat it word for word now. That book was meant for ME. After all, why should I fear? I had not ceased being a child of God. I was not an outcast. God was not going to judge me according to my financial standing. I had as much right on earth as any one else. That little book put new VIM and PURPOSE into me. It brought back the smile, and the twitching of my muscles left me. I know that the color came back into my cheeks. IT MADE ME OVER, BECAUSE IT UNLOCKED THE DOORS THAT I HAD CLOSED. IT WAS TRUE, AND THE TRUTH WAS MAKING ME FREE!"

Today, only about three months from the time this man met his defeat, he is on the high road to a greater success. HE FOUND HIMSELF, because this little volume helped him MASTER FEAR!

The facts that this gentleman has placed before us voluntarily (when he bought many copies to distribute), have been stated times without number. "Unmasking Fear" has been called by many thinkers—by many WORKERS WHO HAVE NEEDED COURAGE: "The greatest little book ever written."

Today there is someone who is bowed down in grief, or who looks toward tomorrow with fear and misgivings, who would appreciate the sustaining message of this little volume.

While we believe that every one of our friends has had this booklet of thirty-two pages, we believe that many will be glad to send fifty cents for five copies or a dollar for ten copies, and DISTRIBUTE these books where they will do the most good.

It is not always the SIZE that insures value. The diamond that can be hidden in the fold of your palm, is worth the price of a hundred tons of coal!

Little truths, that PENETRATE, often do more good than ponderous truths that have to be sliced and par-taken of piecemeal!

You can do part of the big missionary work by sending to The Stead Center, 533 Grant Place, for five or ten copies of "Unmasking Fear" and by putting them to work where they will do the most good.

You can well imagine that we are making no profit at this price, but we wish to do our part, too.

Give "Unmasking Fear" the circulation it merits. It is doing good, tangible, noble work. It is a torch-bearer, and your fifty cents or dollar will do just that much toward carrying this truth, in one of its most HELPFUL forms, to those who may need the truth very much—and who may find that this is SO before many days have passed. Often, when we think we are most secure, we are in greatest need of assistance, and "Unmasking Fear" unlocks powers of the soul, and nothing can be of greater help than that!

Gifts That Are Worth While

Any argument, statement or act which tends to leave another without hope, is wrong fundamentally. Destructive opinions can not destroy, and pessimism can not alter the facts—but one of the commonest human traits is to deny, to point out the evil possibilities, to predict failure.

No two persons ever lived in this world who had the same points of vision, because no two experiences are alike. They may be similar, and yet one differs from all the others.

When you are doing your best, and doing that best according to your own vision, you are earning your right to be here, and to progress. No other person can see things just as you see them, and there is no crime in being mistaken.

Every great effort ever put forth on this earth, has met with doubt, ridicule and condemnation. "That is the history of progress. Less mental effort is required to call a person crazy than to reason into facts and conditions. There are conditions which may not be facts, and there are facts which may not produce noticeable conditions. Only the person inside the weave of facts and conditions, can come near an honest estimate of the effort he is putting forth.

In a second's passing, new conditions have arisen. The strong man reaches the apex of his strength, and for one moment, so brief that it could not be measured, he is in his best physical condition. From that time forward, he is deteriorating physically and some other person is becoming better. As it is with men, it is with communities, with nations, and with movements.

Today, there are many who are willing, and even anxious, to denounce Spiritualism. Tomorrow, many who were enemies of Spiritualism today, will have become less certain. They did their deciding without knowing the facts, and without prophetic vision as to the conditions and circumstances that would affect them.

Perhaps a few times in the world's history, men have had the right to say, "I know!" Often they think they have that right, but their knowledge is restricted, and they know only the little that comes within their grasp of experience and comprehension.

If you are doing your best, and are being criticised, try to keep your face turned toward the light, and move ahead the best you know how. That which you feel, may be outside the knowledge of those who would say you nay.

These cumulative experiences may conspire to make individuals look with a harsh view upon the world. They should not do this. When humanity has earned the right to have a better world, there are all "the makings" here for such a world. There will be the same earth and the same sky. Until the mortal kind has earned a better world, it will not and can not be better. And until the individual has earned better experiences in life, the harsh ones will continue to come.

At times there may be a great temptation to pass along the grouch to others—but what good does it do? That ill feeling must come back to you. Every effort put forth to harm another, is a boomerang. It will come back, with double the energy you imparted to it.

Were immortality not a fact, then this life would be not only harsh, but decidedly unjust. If this were the story, it would be a sad story for most persons. Living again beyond the veil, is equivalent to being able to say there, "Those terrible things were never so, for here we are, whole and unscathed!"

The person who realizes that this happier condition is true, and must be true because it exists in the nature of things, should be kind and generous enough to try to leave out the sting, and inject a little more optimism.

There are ill that no medicine will reach. There are moments of black discouragement, when it seems as though the sunshine of hope never could be seen again. One little word of cheer at a time like this, is a tonic that starts the forlorn one anew.

Besides the brotherly value of such good cheer, there is the chemistry of happiness and optimism. That which you think, determines your own health and your own success. It is impossible to give out a harmful thought without getting back the injury that goes with it. And if this is true, then it is equally true that it is impossible to give out cheer without harvesting cheer.

Remember that not one of us really accumulates material possessions. We accumulate only those things which go with us beyond the grave. That we own, and all else is a loan to us. Many loans become burdensome.

All persons can not own property and securities. All persons can not attain high positions in their communities. But when they have passed the great bourne, all will have only that which they put into their souls.

Those whom the world has called failures may be among the great spiritual successes. Those whom the world has ridiculed, may be among the honored in spirit.

The struggling, disconsolate person whom you cheer along today, may be the only one to meet you when you cross, and bring back that full measure of happiness and new hope to you.

These things seem so very far away, they are like visions of the end of time. Pick up today's paper and read the death notices. Read them tomorrow and every day. The march from earth to spirit is endless—and we may be called before we are half prepared.

If we go hence with no other possession than the happiness of having aided those who tried, and of cheering those who needed comfort, we shall not go empty-handed.

This is what worldly persons, with disdain, call religion. It is religious because it pertains to a future state of existence. Beyond that religious aspect, it is natural law. It is fact. It is one of the few things which we have a right to say that we KNOW!

If all we have ever been able to give to our fellows in this world, is an occasional kind thought and sustaining, cheering word, we have given something vastly more important than gold—because the gold is of the earth and must remain with the earth, but the other treasures are real, because they belong to the spiritual, and will be found to be as bright and valuable some hence as they were the day some mortal sent them out on their honorable, helpful mission.

Very sincerely yours,

Lloyd Bryson Jones

Editor,
Chicago, Illinois.

THE CONFESSION

By D. A. Reynolds

They had found him guilty, the day before, of having a loaded gun.
And the officer swore that the silent man had called for a drink of rum;
That his record was bad as a "prison bird" who served for robbing a friend,
And had left the state when his time was up—a life with an evil trend;
The man stood mute to the charges made, refusing the proffered aid,
Nor seemed to care what the Court might do, or the verdict the jury made.
And now he is standing before the Judge, as one of a criminal class,
To answer the question the Court must ask: Why sentence should not be passed.

"Ye'r askin' why sentence shouldn't be passed, an' I'll tell ye, man to man,
That I didn't know such a law was made since I served my time in the can;
An' it isn't fair ter punish a man for tatin' a loaded gun,
When if they'd waited another hour, they'd found what I might a' done;
For I meant ter get even with one who lied, an' sent me up on ther hill
For three long years, in ther stripes o' shame, a felon's cell ter fill;
An' I'd sworn his soul should pay ther debt, fer I'd learned my lesson well,
Then put an end to my worthless life, an' foller 'im down ter Hell.

"Ye see I was never an angel-child—just rough—in my boyhood days,
Till I met a girl at th' Sunday School, with mild an' gentle ways,
Who crested me away from my crowd of toughs, an' taught me a better life,
An' then ter pay me fer goin' straight, consented ter be my wife.
An' we prospered, Judge, fer our little home was a haven o' love an' care,
An' we thanked ther Lord fer His guidin' hand, at mornin' an' evenin' prayer;
Tis true we worked, but the road was smooth, an' burdens seemed light as air,
Fer th' angels seemed ever a hoverin' round, an' Love was always there.

"Then the scoundrel came with 'a bag o' gold, to build 'im a mansion grand,
An' offered me wealth fer my craftsman's skill, as he wanted an' 'Honest Man';
So we met in the back o' a drinkin' place, to talk over plans—
an' been—
But the stuff they brought was the 'knock-out' kind—the first I had touched fer years;
An' when I come to, there were four o' them, an' the officer stood at the door,
Who found in my pocket a roll o' bills that never was there afore;
An' they swore to a lie, which I couldn't prove, an' they knew it at the time,
Though I swear to God I never took a dollar that wasn't mine.

"Fer three long years I nursed revenge, an' prayed fer the day to dawn,
When free from my stripes, I could hunt 'im down, an' throttle 'is hyin' tongue;
Fer I'd learned from my wife, through 'er sobs an' tears, how he'd courted 'er long afore,
Till she'd spurned 'is gold an' 'is hyin' heart, an' showed 'im the open door;
An' how he had come to our little home an' promised ter make me free.

If she would forsake me an' go with him to a country over the sea;
An' I thought I'd go mad, as the time dragged on, fer my heart was filled with hate,
Fer it's hard fer a man who has done no wrong, ter suffer a felon's fate.

"An' then, at last, when the prison gates swung outward, an' I was free,
She took me back to the little home she had cherished fer her an' me;
An' she prayed like a saint, that the Lord might come an' teach us the better part—
To leave revenge to a Higher Power—an' bind up a bleedin' heart;
That the joys we had known might come to us in a home we would build anew,
In a distant state where the hand o' Fate would foster the brave an' true;
An' I promised 'er then, as I pressed her lips, an' stifled a risin' sob,
I would leave the one who had wrecked our lives ter settle 'is sin with God.

"But Fate was not kind in our western home, fer e'er the flowers had bloomed,
I had laid 'er away to her final rest, an' buried my heart in her tomb;
Then went to th' front at my country's call—enlisted fer Over There—
With the hope that my life might find its end in a struggle fair an' square;
An' I won this medal fer bravery, fer I led my squad in the van,
But it wasn't bravery, Judge, that's straight—I wanted ter die like a man,
An' go to her in that heavenly home we had prayed ther Lord to prepare,
Fergettin' the blight o' our earthly lives in the sunshine bright an' fair.

"I've told ye, Judge, what I meant ter do, an' I'm ready to meet my fate,
Fer I promised 'er fair, when she came last night, I'd give ye the story straight;
Then 'er face lit up with a heavenly light, fer she knew I'd keep my word,
An' th' hymns what we sang in our happy days, on th' angel harps I heard;
Fer I reckon that prison doors can't shut out the light what the angels bring,
An' it doesn't much matter where ye be, fer a 'jail-bird' is a thing the world despises, an' treats with scorn, no matter how straight he's been,
An' he never can throw off ther prison taint, an' be like other men."

The court room was hushed, like a church at prayer, though stifled sobs were heard,
As our hearts went out to the man who stood at the bar, fer the final word—
A victim of wrong who had borne disgrace fer another's evil life,
But won from his vengeance in time to save, by the prayer of a faithful wife;
When the Judge, with a quivering voice, was heard—the prisoner bowed his head—
Pronounced the words which the law requires, and this is what he said:
"You plead to a mental homicide, the sentence fer which is LIFE,
Pardoned—with appeal to the Courts Above—in charge of your angel wife."

The Lovelace

By Beth Ben Ali

What Came of a Teardrop that Lived
in Heaven

What stories could they tell—those youth caught up in the maelstrom of temptation—if they would make known the cause that set them straight? This is a story, and one may believe it a true story, about a boy who came to the bend in the road, and whose salvation dated from the tender look in a girl's eyes, and the memory of a wonderful mother who had gone before.

Illustrated by Mildred Lyon

PROLOGUE

"Billy Boy," Mrs. Rogers said softly, as she placed a thin, wasted hand tenderly on her son's head—a well-rounded head, matted with curly golden hair; "Billy Boy, I'm going now, but I know that I shall be with you always—always, Billy. The world is so big, and temptations are so many, call on me, my darling, whenever you are in need. And—now—Billy—Boy—good-bye."

There was a smile on those gentle features, as Billy choked on dry sobs. His mouth and throat were dry—desert dry. He gasped like one famishing of thirst. His limbs were palsied. This was his final loss—and he a boy of fourteen.

They led him away, the thoughtful neighbors, and the next three days were hollow and terrible.

And just before the lid of the casket was closed, at the end of the funeral services, Billy, trembling and muttering a prayer his mother had taught him, stooped and kissed her faded cheek, and one tear, glistening like a jewel, fell on her left hand, and settled on the peculiar stone in her wedding-ring—a stone that reflected every light and every mood; the last reminder to Billy of the father he had scarcely known.

And after that, with the dragging years, as the boy was buffeted around the globe's circumference, his prayers to his "Mother Martha" became few, and finally ceased.

Twelve years had passed and there was a price on Billy's head.

* * * *

THE FIRST INCIDENT

Billy Rogers paused outside the Carrington Bank, vaguely suspicious that the man wearing the black Stetson—the sinister, lean, supple individual—who tarried on the corner to light a cigar—was a person to keep in mind.

All his plans were made; the approach through the alley, the entrance into the vacant building to the South, the loosened stones in the foundation that would admit him to the bank basement, the electric wires that connected with his oxygen and gas tanks (the parents of a flame that would cut into the hardest steel, as a razor would cut through a sheet of foolscap), the location of the central portion of the vault's steel floor; and, not the least, the get-away in the stolen motorear that would be parked in a vacant, uninclosed back yard, off the alley, half a block away.

Billy Rogers wished to take one last survey before the bank closed for the day—for it was Saturday—and to-night, his inquiries had brought forth, there was to be a reception at the Carrington mansion.

No thought would be on the bank



The Lovecall

By Beth Ben Ali

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"THEY STOPPED WITHIN EAR-SHOT OF ROGERS"

—and by Monday morning, Billy would be on a steamer, sailing down New York harbor, and traveling safely toward a distant port on forged passports.

The stranger, with the cigar held at a defiant angle, between his thin lips, was edging closer—uncomfortably so, thought Billy, and instinctively, he stepped into the bank.

He could have a bill changed—and make indifferent inquiries that would permit him to tarry a few minutes in taking his final observations.

Just as Rogers entered the bank, Ruth Carrington, the beautiful daughter of the bank president, emerged from her father's office, and she was accompanied by a weak-mouthed, inferior looking person whom Billy had learned in past investigations, was her fiancé, Edgar Mullane.

Billy bit his nether lip.

"I'd like to fasten it on that simp," he told himself, partly because Mullane's weakness annoyed him, and partly because Billy wished at times he had gone straight and could have won a girl like Ruth.

"It can be done," Billy mused. "Big reception—telephone message for Mr. Mullane to meet a friend on something urgent. It will be easy. He will stand in the lobby of the Hotel Roderick. I will brush past him—dip his watch—keep him waiting—and when the job is done will drop his watch, stopped at an incriminating hour, in the vault. A worthless chap will be kept from a soft life—I will have the money—and, as Shakespeare said, all will be well because it will end well, or some such thing!"

Rogers chuckled. The plot warmed him—comforted him. But—in the polished plate glass, Billy could see the sinister figure still holding the cigar at the same dangerous angle—and stepping in feigned unconcern.

Rogers fumbled in his pockets—and then stepped to one of the several writing tables, provided for depositors.

He picked up a deposit slip, and dipped a pen in the inkwell. He was playing for time—and watching the movements of the suspicious person and computing the arrangement of the bank's interior, so as to stamp indelibly in his mind the arrangement, the distances, the location of the windows.

What was his surprise when the weak, simpering Mullane and Ruth—the very beautiful Ruth—sat opposite him.

"Now, dear," Mullane was saying patronizingly, "I shall have to be absent from the reception from nine until ten-thirty. You will forgive me, I know, but it is business—important—pressing. I shall return after that and be with you the balance of the evening."

The girl was assenting poutingly, and Mullane, nervous, fearful, was writing on a deposit pad, making meaningless marks, and twitching uneasily.

Billy's hand was moving over the paper, and the pen was scratching something foreign to Billy's mind. Mechanically, he was pretending to be busy. In reality, he had much to watch. So Mullane would be absent? Well, Billy would shadow him, secure the watch, break into the vault, and drop the tell tale evidence, which would be stopped at precisely nine-forty-five. And—Billy would do something else. Mullane was manufacturing more evidence. He had spilled a quantity of ink on the paper, his fingertips and thumb had gone awkwardly onto it, and Mullane was nervously blotting his stained fingers on slips of paper. There would be finger-prints as well as the watch! What alibi could Mullane offer to offset such damaging evidence?

Billy Rogers waited until Mullane and the girl had gone, and then he reached over and carefully folded the papers containing the incriminating finger-prints.

He had nearly forgotten his own writing-pad, and as he glanced at it, he gasped.

There—traced by his own hand, but surely not in his own handwriting—was this disquieting message:

"Don't Billy Boy—don't—don't—Mother Martha."

Trembling, fearful, Billy tore the paper into bits, and hastened to the paying teller's window.

His hands shook noticeably as he passed a fifty-dollar bill to the teller to be changed into tens.

The loitering, omniscient figure wearing the black Stetson, watched with interest—and as Billy swung into a rapid pace in his departure from the bank, he knew that a messenger of Fate walked as rapidly behind him.

The thoughts that claimed Rogers' attention, as he maneuvered to get the "shadow" off his trail, were not quieting or reassuring thoughts.

They had told him—the older heads in the world of crime—that the time must come when IT would appear. The littlest criminal, in time, would attract IT—and once IT took up the trail, there was no escape.

Hadn't it been so with "Blinky" Hume, the counterfeiter? The simplest slip had brought him to grief.

Had it not been so with "The Butte Kid," one of the cleverest cracksmen between the two oceans? The Kid had miscalculated his charge of "soup," and the explosion had blinded him, and caught him wandering hopelessly through the never-ending darkness, straight into the arms of the avenging law!

So it had been with many—with too many, Billy surmised. And he marveled at it all—at the methods of the Unseen—and, chiefly, because of that mysterious writing that had come through his own hand, and yet not in his own writing!

Mother Martha had said, in those last moments, "Call on me, my darling, whenever you are in need!"

There was the same dry choke in his throat, and he recalled that single tear-drop, that had nestled on the cold gray surface of the setting in his mother's wedding-ring. That tear had been part of him, and wherever she had gone, the tear had gone, too.

Turning sharply on his heel, Billy doubled back. The man in the black Stetson was nowhere in sight.

"I must get these moon-thoughts out of my mind," the boy said. "It's just such sob-stuff that set all of them wrong. That's what IT is—just a sagging nerve. What I need is a brace!"

* * *

THE SECOND INCIDENT

Flattened on top of the old stone wall, Billy could look into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room of the Carrington home. Screened by a wealth of friendly boughs and leaves, Billy had no fear of detection.

"Luck for some—and adventure for others!" Billy sighed, as he watched the merry-makers moving from room to room.

It was a few minutes of nine, and Billy was watching for the slinking figure of Mullane to descend the front steps. He did not wait long. A few minutes later, Mullane and Ruth came out of the house. They talked earnestly for a short space, and Ruth kissed the young man as he hastened down the steps.

There was a loathing in Rogers' soul. How could a girl like Ruth caress a viper like Mullane?

—and by Monday morning, Billy would be on a steamer, sailing down New York harbor, and traveling safely toward a distant port on forged passports.

The stranger, with the cigar held at a defiant angle, between his thin lips, was edging closer—uncomfortably so, thought Billy, and instinctively, he stepped into the bank.

He could have a bill changed—and make indifferent inquiries that would permit him to tarry a few minutes in taking his final observations.

Just as Rogers entered the bank, Ruth Carrington, the beautiful daughter of the bank president, emerged from her father's office, and she was accompanied by a weak-mouthed, inferior looking person whom Billy had learned in past investigations, was her fiancé, Edgar Mullane.

Billy bit his nether lip.

"I'd like to fasten it on that simp," he told himself, partly because Mullane's weakness annoyed him, and partly because Billy wished at times he had gone straight and could have won a girl like Ruth.

"It can be done," Billy mused. "Big reception—telephone message for Mr. Mullane to meet a friend on something urgent. It will be easy. He will stand in the lobby of the Hotel Roderick. I will brush past him—dip his watch—keep him waiting—and when the job is done will drop his watch, stopped at an incriminating hour, in the vault. A worthless chap will be kept from a soft life—I will have the money—and, as Shakespeare said, all will be well because it will end well, or some such thing!"

Rogers chuckled. The plot warmed him—comforted him. But—in the polished plate glass, Billy could see the sinister figure still holding the cigar at the same dangerous angle—and stepping in feigned unconcern.

Rogers fumbled in his pockets—and then stepped to one of the several writing tables, provided for depositors.

He picked up a deposit slip, and dipped a pen in the inkwell. He was playing for time—and watching the movements of the suspicious person and computing the arrangement of the bank's interior, so as to stamp indelibly in his mind the arrangement, the distances, the location of the windows.

What was his surprise when the weak, simpering Mullane and Ruth—the very beautiful Ruth—sat opposite him.

"Now, dear," Mullane was saying patronizingly, "I shall have to be absent from the reception from nine until ten-thirty. You will forgive me, I know, but it is business—important—pressing. I shall return after that and be with you the balance of the evening."

The girl was assenting poutingly, and Mullane, nervous, fearful, was writing on a deposit pad, making meaningless marks, and twitching uneasily.

Billy's hand was moving over the paper, and the pen was scratching something foreign to Billy's mind. Mechanically, he was pretending to be busy. In reality, he had much to watch. So Mullane would be absent? Well, Billy would shadow him, secure the watch, break into the vault, and drop the tell tale evidence, which would be stopped at precisely nine-forty-five. And—Billy would do something else. Mullane was manufacturing more evidence. He had spilled a quantity of ink on the paper, his fingertips and thumb had gone awkwardly onto it, and Mullane was nervously blotting his stained fingers on slips of paper. There would be finger-prints as well as the watch! What alibi could Mullane offer to offset such damaging evidence?

Billy Rogers waited until Mullane and the girl had gone, and then he reached over and carefully folded the papers containing the incriminating finger-prints.

He had nearly forgotten his own writing-pad, and as he glanced at it, he gasped.

There—traced by his own hand, but surely not in his own handwriting—was this disquieting message:

"Don't Billy Boy—don't—don't—Mother Martha."

Trembling, fearful, Billy tore the paper into bits, and hastened to the paying teller's window.

His hands shook noticeably as he passed a fifty-dollar bill to the teller to be changed into tens.

The loitering, omniscient figure wearing the black Stetson, watched with interest—and as Billy swung into a rapid pace in his departure from the bank, he knew that a messenger of Fate walked as rapidly behind him.

The thoughts that claimed Rogers' attention, as he maneuvered to get the "shadow" off his trail, were not quieting or reassuring thoughts.

They had told him—the older heads in the world of crime—that the time must come when IT would appear. The littlest criminal, in time, would attract IT—and once IT took up the trail, there was no escape.

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But, after all, how could it be Billy's affair, or concern him in the least? Was he not about to fasten a crime upon the innocent young man? Was not Mullane to be pitied rather than reviled?

Mullane stepped down the street eagerly, and twenty paces back of him, Billy also hastened.

"Anyway," he mused, as he lengthened his stride, "whatever Mullane is up to, is not according to Hoyle. I only wish—I wish—I could get the goods on him. That would ease my conscience a bit for what I am about to do!

"But there I go again! Conscience! I am getting mushy from the ears up. Falling in love with a girl who does not suspect my existence, and who would loathe me if she knew men and my record, and getting messages about being good! It's like the Butte Kid said a month before he made his false play. He said to me, 'Billy, IT is after me. I know it. Sometimes in my room at night, I hear footsteps, and there's no one there.' That's what the Kid told me. And he said, only two weeks before, things went to smash, 'Billy, at times I think there are people around us who are never seen by us. Maybe it's the dead, Billy, that never die.'"

Rogers shrugged his shoulders. He needed more cheerful and sustaining thoughts than these. Why should they come to him in these hours when his greatest success was within his grasp?

Mullane did not make toward the business district, but turned to the East, and Billy's curiosity was aroused.

For blocks they walked—rapidly—always with greater speed. Once, beneath a light, Mullane paused to consult his watch (the watch that would be Exhibit A against him!), and then broke into a run.

They were away from the fine old residence section now. The houses were old and squat, and the neighborhood was forbidding.

Mullane had stopped and was looking around. Billy stepped behind a friendly maple.

But he did not wait long. Out of the shadows came a young woman—and once, when she passed through a zone of light, Billy caught a glimpse of her. She was not the sort of person that Ruth was!

Mullane embraced the girl, and they came back toward Billy's hiding place, talking earnestly—excitedly, Billy thought.

She was upbraiding him for something, and he was expostulating, pleading his case.

"You know, Belle," he was saying, just as they stopped within ear-shot of Rogers, "you know that this is to be a marriage of convenience. You know which girl I love—and what I can do for you when I am a member of the Carrington family. It may be two years, or only a year—and then you and I will go—far away. Don't get jealous and spoil it all now, Belle. For God's sake, don't!"

"For God's sake," Billy told himself, "she need not be the one to spoil it."

Mullane was leaning against the tree now, and stealthily, cleverly, deftly, Billy's hand—unnoticed in the darkness—stole into Mullane's waistcoat pocket, and Mullane's watch was purloined!

Billy felt no further interest in the illicit love of the man he loathed. The plot was laid—the trap was set. After all, he argued in extenuation of his own wrong-doing, he would be squaring things for the girl—for Ruth Carrington—and it would be infinitely better to be the daughter

of a despoiled banker and be free, than it would be to have her father's wealth, and the certainty of a broken heart.

Maybe, Billy thought—still finding excuses for himself—that he was to be the hand of fate. He would become IT, instead of being the victim of IT. He would be the one to right wrongs in place of being guilty of wrong. And—if he helped himself to three hundred thousand dollars or so, and perhaps more—would that be overpaying him for so generous an act as saving the honor and happiness of a girl like Ruth?

As he thought, Billy walked rapidly. He was so absorbed in his meditations that he had nearly stepped into a well-lighted street. Recovering himself and seeking the friendly shadows again, the young man gasped to think how rash he was and how prodigal he had become with his thoughts.

"Less thinking, old man," he said to himself. "Less thinking and more observation. I now have three hours before the big haul is pulled. Let me see—walking all that time won't do. My car is parked in readiness. The outfit is ready for immediate use. The basement windows are darkened so that no one can see the light. The patrolman passes the bank at twelve sharp and is not there again till two. That's one blessing of these half-grown towns! They go to bed early and suspect nobody!"

Turning into a side street, in an old, but still respectable portion of the city, Billy found himself in the midst of company. They were passing in pairs, in large numbers and singly—a thoughtful kind of people; and they were going into a well-lighted hall. It was a lecture apparently.

Billy hesitated. Should he go in? Would he be welcome?

While still debating, he followed the others, and was soon seated in the rear of a hall that accommodated perhaps two hundred persons.

No one paid any heed to him, and he felt that here, at least, he would be free from detection.

It would be a good manner to while away two of the three remaining hours, perhaps; and maybe more than two of them.

Within a few minutes the doors were closed, and an organ began to play a hymn—very old and vaguely familiar. And the congregation arose, singing something about a kindly light, which Billy interpreted as signifying his oxygen outfit waiting patiently in the dark basement of the Carrington Bank.

Leastwise, Billy meditated, here was a good place to rest and round out the final details of his plot.

He could act interested and the others would take him for granted; a most comforting, secure, sustaining thought!

* * * *

THE THIRD INCIDENT

A rather fleshy old lady was introduced, and began to speak. Her dissertation was heavy. It was religious, but not precisely like Billy's memory of church.

She was speaking about the soul—and about guidance—and about other strange and uninteresting things, and her voice was mellow and not too harsh, for which Billy was thankful.

He wondered what had become of the detective—he of the black Stetson and the tilted cigar. Perhaps that gentleman was still loitering around the bank—and perhaps he wasn't.

Could he have been a Pinkerton man? Or a Burns man? Billy canvassed his memory—a memory with faithful de-

tails for faces, for habits, for gestures.

Was that individual another reward hunter—one of the many who were doing their best to cash on Billy's apprehension? Perhaps—and perhaps not!

Billy hoped it was so. Deceiving local police was nothing to be proud about in these advanced days of his criminal career. He did love to fool the cleverest, the best, the keenest and shrewdest.

The old lady on the rostrum was still talking. Her voice was earnest. That voice came to Billy like something arising from the depths of a well.

"Our dead never die," she was saying. "They are with us. They see us, and feel us, and they talk to us, even though we do not understand."

Billy's face twitched nervously—and try as he might to conquer the thought, he could see that tear-drop glistening on the dead, gray jewel on his mother's finger.

IT was still with him—and Billy was secretly admitting that truth far back in his mind.

At length, the lecture was completed, for which Billy offered many thanks. Maybe now they would go. He was rested—he was eager for the midnight hour to come and depart. He had business elsewhere.

The congregation seemed in no humor to disperse. They were singing again—another religious song, that mentioned something about jewels in the sky. Billy wished that they would cease reminding him of jewels. It was no time for such meditations. When one is about to make a haul—the greatest haul in one's life—one needs an undisturbed nervous system.

A second person had stepped forward on the platform, as the singing ceased. She was small, active, purposeful.

Billy watched her with interest. The man who introduced her called her a message-bearer, whatever that might be.

The lady on the rostrum was passing her hands before her eyes. And then she extended her right arm—and pointed the index-finger of her right hand unerringly in Billy's direction.

"I see," she said slowly, "I see, as though through the darkness, a hand—a man's hand—reaching from behind a tree. There is another man on the opposite side of the tree. He is talking to a woman—a woman of questionable character. And this hand is reaching slowly, carefully. It pauses, and then it is thrust deftly into a pocket in the second man's vest—and the hand holds a watch—an open-face, gold watch, with a monogram on the back marked E—W—M!"

The blood had flown from Billy's face, and then it came racing back, like molten lava. His breath caught in his throat—and he coughed. A score of eyes were fastened on him.

"I see, I see," the woman continued, "a basement—dark—much darker than usual. And there are two tanks—containing—oh, some kind of gas, I believe. And above—oh, there is going to be a robbery—a robbery!" she cried.

Billy waited for no more. Arising, he dashed for the doorway, was through it—and was swallowed up in the night.

Not until he was blocks down the winding, friendly alleys, did he pause.

"Great God, IT is after me. IT is near me. What man ever went through more?"

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead—from his face and neck. It was cold, clinging perspiration—as

though his blood had run ice-cold!

As he hesitated, undetermined as to what to do, there came the measured strokes of a clock in a distant tower. He counted ten!

And then, steeled to the thought of acting swiftly, he turned toward the business district. The watchman had just passed the bank. He would not return for two hours. It must be now—or never!

* * *

THE FOURTH INCIDENT

At the Carrington home, Ruth waited impatiently—fearfully. So many times recently, Edgar Mullane had acted in a similarly strange manner.

Surrounded by gaiety—with everything suggesting light and happiness—Ruth was ill at ease. These shadows had crossed her path too many times to be meaningless.

Edgar was to have returned by ten-thirty—and now it was past eleven, and there was no sign. There had been no telephone call. There was a foreboding in the air—a feeling that something terrible had happened, or was imminent.

Slipping away from the guests, she left the house by a side door and walked disconsolately across the lawn. There was protecting comfort beneath the great trees. She could think out here in the clear night air.

Troubled—perplexed beyond understanding—fearful of that which impended—she strolled toward the farther reaches of the lawn. It was very dark here, and the darker the surroundings, the more comforting everything seemed to be.

In Ruth's mind was a picture—the picture of a strong, handsome face; with a great crown of curly yellow hair; a face that was made more magnetic because of the large dark eyes; eyes that had looked straight into hers in the bank that afternoon.

Drawn to that memory in a manner that she could not understand, the girl found herself wishing that Edgar could have been like that. She would have been happier. She would have approached her wedding day with greater certainty.

And as Ruth Carrington meditated thus, she became aware that there were voices near her—voices held to soft utterances.

She hesitated, and listened. One of the voices—that of a man—was vaguely familiar.

Ruth stepped into the protecting foliage of a lilac-bush. She could hear clearly now. The man was arguing—in a petulant, anxious manner.

"I tell you, Belle, I do not love Ruth. I never loved her. I love you alone—but, God, girl, can't you see that the greatest opportunity of our lives lies before us? I will meet you twice a week. Oh, maybe I shall have to go away on a brief wedding trip!"

Ruth's heart stood still. There was no mistaking Mullane's voice.

"Come, Belle, give me that watch. I tell you, no one else could have taken it. Ruth gave it to me. It's only your jealousy that made you take it. No one else on earth could have it—and I did not lose it!"

The girl was pleading, sobbing, protesting her innocence, urging Mullane to break the engagement. She refused to be left out in the night. She was hysterical in her protestations.

Ruth Carrington felt as though sharpened steel had entered her heart. And then, out of the horror of this revelation, came a new confidence, a new hope. At least, kind Fate—if Fate ever is so kind—had saved her from a broken life. She knew now—and she knew in time—and she went up a prayer to her Maker, because of her deliverance.

Mullane and the girl walked on—and their voices were lost. Ruth could return now to the house. She knew. She was satisfied.

And, besides, she should be there when Edgar did return.

It was no easy matter to pretend to be composed and unconcerned when finally he dashed up the front steps.

"Oh, Ruth," he said excitedly, "I tried to get away sooner. But they wouldn't let me come. It was so important—business, you know, and—oh, so many important things."

She closed her eyes. It was too much to gaze at him—and she shuddered.

Then, repeating slowly the words she had heard in the garden, she said, "I tell you, Belle, I do not love Ruth. I never loved her."

Opening her large blue eyes, she looked straight into the frightened eyes of Mullane.

"You love her, Edgar. You told her so. And the watch—the watch I gave you? Oh, I know it all. I heard it, back there among the lilacs. And when you go, be sure to take this with you."

She placed the engagement ring in his trembling hand—and dashing up the stairs, she rushed to her room, locked the door and threw herself on her bed, and sobbed until she could weep no more.

It took all her bravery to come down later and bid the guests good-night. But it was easier to find that he was gone. It would be easier after this forever. She could find new happiness in each passing day's thanksgiving—and she could live on the memory of that other face, the face she had seen that afternoon in her father's bank.

She had not tragically—in so grim a form as a woman comes to meet it. Also, she had not chosen—and she knew that, with passing time, the sorrow would outweigh the horror.

No woman can forget her first minutes, but time is very kind, and very soothing and healing. She prayed that the years might speed.

* * * *

THE FIFTH INCIDENT

Billy tossed away his last cigarette, and passed in the shadows of the building to listen. Reassured, he made his way to the vacant building, and slowly lifted the lower sash. He peered again, and his right hand grasped his automatic pistol.

Slowly, carefully he stepped through the opening—and then closed the window after him.

Stealthily, he made his way to the partitions that separated the rear of this vacant store from the larger space in front.

Now and then a pedestrian passed the windows. None paused to look in. There was no indication of any lurking presence. So far, he was secure.

For fully five minutes he waited, to learn if any one had followed him down the alley—but no indication came to disturb him. He was alone!

The old stairs creaked as he descended into the basement. Every few steps, he would pause to listen. Always, there seemed to be some one near. That thought had obsessed him ever since he had rushed from that accursed hall.

What manner of folk were they, anyway? What had been said after he was gone? That thought disturbed him most. If that strange woman could tell him so much while he was there, could she not go on with the entire plot? Suppose she had?

Billy Rogers knew that he must work with speed. There was no time to waste in meaningless speculation.

With every sinuous muscle taut, the boy moved across the basement, to the stone wall that separated this building from the bank.

With strong fingers, he moved out of their places, the stones that he had loosened days before. He squeezed through the opening into the black abyss beyond; and then placed a number of boards against the opening in the foundation-wall, to keep the light from sending out any tell-tale rays.

Thus far, Billy was safe. No one had followed him. No watchers awaited his coming.

Within a few minutes, his apparatus was in operation, and into the steel floor of the vault a white flame was biting its way, sending a shower of sparks in every direction.

For a small-city bank, the vault was considered costly. To all purposes, it was burglar-proof. Such a human confidence in man-made things!

The circle of light was about three feet in diameter. The circle had been marked days before. The opening would give access to the central portion of the vault, and there would be no weight to reckon with excepting the weight of the steel plate itself.

Time after time, the white shaft of light made the circle, and each time the furrow became deeper. The plate was two inches in thickness. In a minute or two, the flame would bite through into the blackness of the vault's interior.

Keeping outside of the danger-line, Billy continued to direct the flame. It was cutting through the steel now, and splattered above with an angry hissing.

A third the circle was completed—and then half—and two-thirds—and three-fourths—and finally the plate began to sag.

Carefully, very carefully now, Billy directed the flame against the remaining arc. The plate sagged farther and farther. It was depending from its final bond of steel. The white flame was cutting deeper and deeper.

The circle of steel that had been cut from the floor of the vault was swinging now—like a pendulum. Billy extinguished the flame. He must wait for the metal to cool. He would spend the time listening for suspicious sounds.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes he waited. The plate was nearly cool now. With gloved hands, he grasped its sides and pressed against the remaining barrier of steel. Slowly it gave, and then swung free.

Laying the heavy plate on the basement floor, Billy grasped the edges of the steel floor above him and was now inside the vault.

But there still were many locked compartments to contend with, and he would need his apparatus to break through the final barriers.

With his pocket flashlight, he inspected the vault's treasure-boxes. Here was the large steel box that he had glimpsed several times from the position of the paying teller's window. This was the box that contained the gold coin and the currency of highest denominations. This was the bank's chief treasure.

The box itself was too heavy to move—but its lock would offer no resistance to the attack of the flame.

He placed his gloved hand on the lock, and felt the box carefully.

"I will cut around the lock here," he meditated—and then Billy's heart almost ceased beating!

There was a hand on his arm—a firm, human hand.

It was his right arm, too; his gun-arm. His pistol was in his right pocket!

Why had he not seen this person before? How had any one gained access? Through the opening in the floor?

The pressure came again—more firmly.

Summoning all his strength and courage, Billy wheeled about and swung a clenched fist—straight against—nothing!

He laughed awkwardly, and sought his flash-light. Feverishly he turned it in every direction. But there was no person to be seen.

It was with less courage that Billy brought his apparatus up into the vault. There was a new fear gnawing at his heart. There was a beating in his ears, and his heart made strange sounds in its pulsing.

Soon the white flame was eating into the steel of the largest strong-box. Little by little, it furrowed its way. Billy was careful lest the flame eat too far, for the white-hot metal might drop upon the currency below.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. This was slower, more painstaking work than getting into the vault originally.

He paused once, and wiped his forehead and face. There was the same cold, clammy perspiration he had felt when he escaped from that hall.

At easy stages, he directed the flame until only the thinnest film of metal lay between him and the money.

Then he waited. He placed his flashlight (now darkened) on the strong-box, within easy reach, but it seemed an interminable wait. The metal must cool before he broke the sustaining portions with chisel and hammer.

At times, Billy had visions of a mob—of many men and women, racing madly from a hall, in the direction of the bank. And he thought that he heard shouts—angry, menacing shouts. The thing was getting on his nerves, into his nerves, into his blood.

"That's what a fellow gets," he told himself, "when he wanders from his trade. Once a chap begins to see things and hear things, and lets the moonbeams into his brain, he's in danger. No fellow dead in earnest on the job has any right seeing the lovelight in a girl's eyes, or thinking about death-beds. They are both likely to bring grief—almost sure to bring it!"

Truly, this night had been alive with dangers. They were here and there. They were ever-present. This was the one big night he had worked for, had hoped and planned to have come to him. And with it came new dangers and a multitude of unanswerable fears.

And as he waited, the hand again was placed on his arm—and this time, the hand patted his arm tenderly.

Summoning the little remaining courage he possessed, Billy Rogers reached out his left hand for his flashlight.

As he did so, he could hear the scraping of the flashlight as it was withdrawn before him. It was gone!

He strained his hearing, but there was nothing dropped on the floor. Somebody had taken that light—that same invisible someone who had been here with him ever since he had entered the vault.

The hand—stronger and more real than ever—was on his right hand—and then, slowly, with a deftness that few had ever known, his pistol was taken from his pocket!

Billy was trapped!

He tried to speak, but his throat was parched—like it had been years before when his mother had bid him farewell.

And now, the rays of light from his own pocketflash began to shine, on his arm. Slowly, the light traveled up his arm, toward that invisible hand.

His eyes, distended with fear, followed the path of the rays. Then finger-tips came into view, and finally the fingers and then the entire hand—a tapering, beautiful hand, worn with labor and thin with care, but still beautiful.

It was a woman's left hand, and on the third finger, there was a ring—a ring of peculiar design, and the setting was a dead gray stone—an unusual stone—and on that jewel glistened—a tear! Billy's own tear!

"Oh, Mother Martha!" he cried. "I need you. Oh, may God forgive me, and guide me! And may He protect that girl, that poor girl who needs help as much as I!"

The light was gone, and the hand was leading Billy toward the hole in the floor. He felt the edge of the hole with his toe. Slowly, hesitatingly, he let himself down through the opening—and a minute later, he was racing down the dark alley.

Somewhere in the distance, he heard shouts. A tumult of angry voices came to him from the vicinity of the bank. He understood. The woman—that woman in the hall—had sent a warning. The officers were there. The congregation were there!

Billy did not stop for his motorcar. He sensed, somehow, that there were watchers near it—waiting for him.

He sped down dark streets and through darker alleys, and without knowing whither he fled, he found himself near the railroad tracks. A freight train was slowly gaining speed.

Billy looked behind him, into the night; and then swung onto a passing car. It was an empty, and he let himself in through the end door. He was alone. The freight was gaining speed.

Dazed, weak, afraid in a manner he had never known before, he sunk on the floor of the car.

And he felt the hand—the hand that wore the ring, the ring with the everlasting tear—pass gently over his brow.

While Billy could not explain how it would be done, he knew somehow that he would go straight—and that the incriminating evidence against the sneaking Mullane would never be required.

He knew that he was going straight—and that was sufficient.

It was so much different from the closing scene of the Butte Kid's career—but, then, the Butte Kid had never sent a tear of love to heaven, and Billy had!

How The Iris Came to Earth

Jewels From Spirit Brought to the Earth-World Through the Mediumistic Powers of Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler

THERE is a curtain in the mortal eye known as the iris. It is a veil that is drawn in front of the crystalline lens and which is pierced by the pupil.

There are many beautiful flowers which are members of the iris family, the most widely known of which is the fleur-de-lis. Also, in Greek mythology, Iris was the daughter of Thaumas and Electra, and sister of the Harpies. In the Homeric poems, she is the virgin messenger of the gods, and she also was credited with being the wife of Zephyrus and the mother of Eros. The Greek interpretation of the name Iris gives it the significance of the rainbow, and Vergil represented the rainbow as the path of this goddess. To the Greeks, the rainbow was of divine portent and usually signified war or storms.

Consider these different definitions and then you will gain a better conception of the significance of the jewels that were brought from spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler of Dysart, Iowa.

For the past nineteen years Mrs. Wheeler has been serving the public as a medium. But before telling the story of her mediumistic work, let us begin with this most unusual manifestation, which has been repeated a number of times and which has resulted in bringing to the earth-world a jewel that has its abiding place in spirit. These jewels, which have come through Mrs. Wheeler's mediumship, have made their appearance in the broad light of day, and after they have been cut their weight was about three and one-half carats each.

One day while riding with friends in an automobile, Mrs. Wheeler said to one of the gentlemen: "Hold out your hand." He did so as they were speeding along the country road.

Suddenly there appeared in the palm of his outstretched hand a nebulous vapor which rapidly changed into a liquid. This liquid was transformed into a substance resembling gelatine. It was sticky to the touch. Within a few minutes it had solidified to a stone-like substance, transparent and beautiful.

On one occasion, one of these gems was precipitated and crystallized on a shawl which Mrs. Wheeler was wearing.

Mrs. Wheeler's guides told her that if she would take these jewels to an ordinary lapidary, or to any lapidary who was an unbeliever, an agnostic, an atheist, an infidel, or one whose pathway led from the teachings of Christ, as soon as he began to work on these stones they would disintegrate—they would vanish. She was given the name and address of a lapidary who was regarded by the spirit-world as fit to apply his art to gems of such noble lineage. These jewels are cut after the fashion of a diamond, with many facets. They are christened the Iris by the spirit-world. And Mrs. Wheeler has been informed that the spirit who really inspired the legendary story of the goddess Iris wore, and still wears, such jewels in spirit.

Let us not forget that the significance of the Iris in ancient

times was the rainbow. That this interpretation was not arbitrary or idle is proved by a most peculiar property of this heavenly-born gem.

Held in the palm of any person, it reflects the aura of that person. It may turn to deep blue. Held by the next person, it may change to a brilliant red. Placed in the palm of another, it may become a bright green. In the hand of another, it may assume a delicate violet tint. These are not imaginary colors. They are seen by every person who looks at the Iris, and these colors and tints are even more varied than those of the rainbow. A person's leading characteristics at once are displayed by the tell-tale Iris.

This jewel has functions. It has been said of pearls that they will become bright or dull according to the health of the woman who wears them. But the Iris seems to feel conditions surrounding it, and reflects those conditions in its changing colors. Instead of opening the psychic eyes of mortals, it brings ethereal vibrations down to the

What would you think if, in the bright light of day, a vapor would appear in the palm of your outstretched hand, and this vapor would crystallize and become a jewel as hard as the diamond? What would you say if it were told you that the lapidary who cut the facets on this gem had to be a man with faith in God, or otherwise the jewel would crumble? What would you think if this jewel, placed in the hands of different persons, would change its color and show clearly to the eyes of all onlookers the tints of each person's aura? You would be astounded if these things occurred. Yet this is precisely what has happened a number of times through the mediumship of Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler, of Dysart, Iowa.

plane of material perception.

Each of these stones in time will be returned to the world whence they came. They are simply lent for awhile to the mortals who have been favored by receiving them. They are materializations of heavenly jewels that remain materialized. This is entirely contrary to geology. But no geologist would ever be able to convince those who have received the Iris that their sight had deceived them or that their sense of touch has gone wrong.

When the Manifestations First Came

WHEN Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler's mediumistic manifestations first came, her name was Mrs. Robinson, and she lived in Moberly, Mo. Her husband was a locomotive engineer on the Wabash railroad.

At that time Mrs. Robinson had fallen and was injured and could not walk. She had to be carried.

There had been a series of hold-ups and robberies in Moberly and these centered around the railroad employes. Pay-night in particular was a time calling for great caution. On this particular evening, which was pay-night, Mrs. Robinson had ninety dollars in currency under her pillow. In those low-wage days that was a small fortune. Only that day a physician had told her that she could not live.

As she lay awake, wondering about her physical condition and also feeling extremely nervous about the robberies that had occurred and were happening almost daily, a figure seemed to arise from the floor at the side of her bed. Naturally she thought it was a burglar and made a great outcry. Search on the part of others failed to reveal any presence.

A second time this spirit appeared, and this time he placed one hand over Mrs. Robinson's mouth so that she could not call for help. He told her that he was an Egyptian; that he



No. 1—Spirit photograph of child who had been killed by this same milk train in Des Moines, Ia., a few years previously. This photograph was recognized immediately by the child's parents and is the only picture of the little fellow which they possess.

had been on earth two hundred years ago, and informed her that what she was able to do for others she could not do for herself. He also informed her that in ten days she would give birth to a little girl, but the child would be dead. This spirit said further: "You will be sick for three weeks, and then you will go to your mother. When you return home, your daughter will break her arm. There will be a jewel robbery, but you will recover your jewels. You will find a body without a head."

When the doctor called, Mrs. Robinson told him what had occurred. He informed her calmly that he thought she had lost her mind.

There was no indication that Mrs. Robinson was again to become a mother, and yet in precisely ten days she gave birth to a little girl, and the infant was dead. Within three weeks



No. 2—Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler and two grandchildren. The face appearing on Mrs. Wheeler's shoulder is that of her mother, who had been in spirit but a few days at the time this picture was taken. The little girl with the curly hair was named by a spirit when she was six hours old.

she was on her way to visit her mother in Illinois. Shortly after she returned, one of her children, a little girl, was running to the well to get some water, when she slipped and fell and broke her arm. Some jewelry had been stolen from Mrs. Robinson, but it had been recovered. Also, she found a body without a head!

While the family physician was setting the child's arm, Mrs. Robinson said to him: "Do you still think that I am crazy?"

He looked at her quizzically and replied, "No, you are a Spiritualist."

Mrs. Robinson's mouth opened and her eyes widened in amazement.

"What do you mean by that?"

The doctor explained.

Mrs. Robinson told a close friend, who was Mrs. Tom Davis, the wife of another locomotive engineer, about these occurrences. Mrs. Davis laughed and informed Mrs. Robinson that

she knew all about such manifestations. To substantiate such claims, she gave Mrs. Robinson a trumpet. Shortly, voices began to come, and very soon the seances in the Robinson home were known all over Moberly. These seances were held night or day, and there were usually thirty-five or more persons at each meeting.

Mrs. Robinson's father became greatly incensed and threatened to horsewhip her. And Mrs. Wheeler states that her father still makes the same threats today. He considers that such things are due to compacts with the devil.

The first reading that Mrs. Robinson gave was to a lady, and she forecast certain events that would take place in Denver, and every one of these came true.

Some time after her mediumship developed, Mrs. Robinson told her husband that he would be in an accident, that he would be the only one injured, and that the injury would result in his death. She told him precisely where the accident would occur. While he was pulling the second section of No. 9 near Salisbury, Mo., the train ran off an open switch and the engine turned over. One of Mr. Robinson's legs was so badly injured that it had to be amputated. It was not long before he passed into spirit. He was the only one who had been injured in that wreck.

After the passing of her first husband, Mrs. Robinson went into Spiritualistic work heart and soul, and her mediumship has taken her to many different cities.

The Child Who Was Killed By a Train

IN CONNECTION with this article, we reproduce a photograph which is an enlargement of an ordinary kodak picture. The story of the photograph of this little boy standing in the driving wheels of a locomotive of a milk train is not only interesting, but it presents unquestioned proof of spirit return.

Mrs. Wheeler had been giving seances in Des Moines, Iowa, and the house at which she was living was near one of the lines of railway. While out on the front porch of this home one morning, she noticed a milk train speeding along the track, and then she saw a little boy run up to the track and between the rails and pick up a kitten. She saw the train strike the child, and she screamed. Then she could see the child, with the kitten in his arms, standing in the driving wheels, with a look of pain and surprise on his features.

The same thing occurred the next day, and the day after, and Mrs. Wheeler told the lady with whom she was staying.

This woman replied: "Why, that was the child of a family down the street. They are foreigners. His little kitten had run onto the railroad track, and he was trying to save his pet when the train struck him and crushed him. The body was taken from under the driving wheels of the locomotive. It was the same milk train that killed him."

"I am going to get a picture of that child," Mrs. Wheeler said, but her hostess did not believe that it would be possible. Nevertheless the next morning Mrs. Wheeler was stationed near the tracks when the milk train came along. Again the little one was seen to run on the tracks and pick up his kitten. Again the pilot of the locomotive struck him. At that moment she snapped the camera. The photograph shows the results. The baby is seen in the driving wheels. In his arms is the kitten.

Mrs. Wheeler lost no time in developing the film and making a print. When it was shown to the mother of the child, she screamed and wept. She recognized her little one immediately. Mrs. Wheeler never saw the child after that. The vision had not been visible to any other person, but its reality was proved by the fact that this vision impressed itself upon the sensitive film of the camera.

Mrs. Wheeler secures many spirit photographs.

You will note the photograph of Mrs. Wheeler with the two little girls. The lady is Mrs. Wheeler and the children are

her grandchildren. On Mrs. Wheeler's shoulder is seen the picture of her mother who passed into spirit just a few days before this photograph was taken. The little girl with the curly hair was named by a spirit when she was only six hours old. This spirit spoke independently and so loud that the attending physician heard her when she gave the baby's name. This child is Lottie Delila Lewis, and the spirit who named



No. 3—A granddaughter of Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler at the age of two years. Arrow points to the head of an Indian, which is always seen in photographs of this little girl.

her is Lottie Delila Lose. Hundreds of persons have heard this spirit's voice in the seance-room. Lottie is a little sister of Mrs. Wheeler.

Note also in the other pictures the heads of the Indians. Whenever this little girl has her photograph taken by Mrs. Wheeler, the little child's Indian chief is always in the picture. Sometimes the face of this Indian is more vivid in one photograph than it would be in others, but it always can be traced.

Mrs. Wheeler has taken a great many spirit photographs. She says that none ever gave her more pleasure than the picture of the little boy in the driving wheels of the engine, because this picture is the only one that the little fellow's parents ever had of him.

A Gold Star Mother

MRS. WHEELER has had eleven children. She gave three of her sons to the Great Cause. They passed out in France. She had known John was gone. She had known it not only because the official notification had arrived, but because John had come to her. Freddie and Will were still fighting for the colors.

One day John came to his mother and said: "Mother,

Freddie and Will are with me now." There was no question in her mind of the truth of the statement, but it was two weeks before the official notice reached her. But she had talked many times with her beloved sons before Washington had informed her of their passing.

Mrs. Wheeler believes always in doing her best. She makes her sacrifices without complaint. She has battled sickness and discouragement, and all the while she has brought comfort and the light of truth to others.

Mrs. Wheeler's best known guides are Lone Feather, an Indian chief; Lottie, her little sister, and the Egyptian, who was the first one to appear to her back in Moberly, Mo.

There is a little home circle, and an emblem for it was drawn by Mr. William T. Stead. There is a triangle with a design. In the upper corner is a turquoise, which stands for purity of heart and the love of Christ; and a crystallite in the lower portion, symbolizing truth. And the members of the circle are admonished to teach the truth to the world.

Most of the seances start at 9:00 or 9:30 in the evening and last until 1:00 or 1:30 the next morning.

A Test From Mr. Stead

IN the Spring of 1919, there came to The William T. Stead Memorial Center of Chicago, two ladies, who had called up and asked if Spiritualistic meetings were held at the Center. They were informed that the Stead Center was a home of



No. 4—The same little granddaughter of Mrs. Wheeler when the child was one year old. The faces of two Indians can be seen on the tree back of the children.

Spiritualism, and the ladies made an appointment with Mrs. Cook. They came without giving their names.

Shortly after the sitting had started, Mr. Stead came and, calling them by name, said, "I know why you are here."

They asked him why.

He replied: "Because I came into Mrs. Wheeler's seances in Iowa and told you to call."

Mr. Stead often appears in Mrs. Wheeler's seances, and there had been nothing to indicate to Mrs. Cook that these

ladies were from Iowa or that they had been sent there by Mr. Stead.

This test was most convincing, because it demonstrated the fact that there is personality in spirit just as there is personality in this world. The charge has been made at different times that those in spirit do not seem to be able to carry the thread of conversation from one seance-room to another. There are many instances that refute this claim. There are innumerable cases that prove beyond question that where the spirit-world has a message to send, the same message can come through any medium.

Her Crucifix and Trumpet

IN Mrs. Wheeler's seances, she usually has a crucifix which is 24 inches long by 18 inches wide. This crucifix is moved around the room. Persons who are being treated, will feel this crucifix touching them and rubbing the affected parts of their bodies.

Mention of this crucifix was made in the Psychic Experience department of our June number.

Mrs. Wheeler has a trumpet that is four feet high, and through this trumpet have come numberless spirit voices.

There are hundreds of persons who testify to the remarkable mediumistic powers of Mrs. Wheeler.

In Lawrenceville, Ill., Mr. Robert Gould received some remarkably good tests from his wife in spirit. This dear one in spirit told Mr. Gould to give Mrs. Wheeler a centerpiece upon which Mrs. Wheeler would do some work each day. Mrs. Gould, in spirit, came each day to Mr. Gould, when he was in his home or his place of business, and told him exactly the progress Mrs. Wheeler had made on the centerpiece. Each day he would check up and find that he had heard correctly. She also told him that the morning after the centerpiece was finished, she would call him by name and kiss him as he had always done. One morning he heard her calling him, just as she had called him when in this world, and her kiss was just as real as it had ever been. The centerpiece had been completed the night before!

One time, a Mr. McGill, attending one of Mrs. Wheeler's seances, moved by a spirit of fun, posed as a bachelor. During the seance, Lottie said to him, "Mr. McGill, you are the strangest bachelor I have ever known. You have seven children." She then gave him the name of a little girl of his in spirit, and this child came to him. The child told her father that she had passed out with scarlet fever, and that he had not seen her buried. His son came and said, "Dad, I shot myself accidentally."

Mr. McGill freely admitted that these were undeniable facts, and became a sincere convert.

There was a Mr. Larue Bollinger of Springfield, who had suffered for a long time with a running sore on his back. In one of the seances, the crucifix came and rubbed down his spine a number of times. Mr. Bollinger was told that on the 29th of that month, he would remove the bandage and be healed, but that up to that time the sore would discharge a great deal. On the 29th, he removed the bandage and the sore was found to be healed.

These are but a few of the interesting facts associated with Mrs. Wheeler's mediumship. Her home is in Dysart, Iowa, and she and her family live on a farm a short distance from the town. With many farm duties to take up her time, she does not give as many seances as she would like.

Besides getting the voices and spirit photographs, she also has materializations. They have constructed a cabinet in their home in Dysart, and form after form will come out and be plainly recognized by different members of the circle.

During the past few months, Mrs. Wheeler has not been in the best of health and her guides have told her to rest.

It would be impossible for her to meet more than a part of the demands for her seances. She has large circles of friends in many parts of America.

Mrs. Wheeler is a very pleasant and agreeable lady. She is small and does not weigh much over a hundred pounds. In spite of her ill health, she is full of sparkle and purpose. Her long association with the loved ones on the other side has brought her many days of happiness that have shown through the dull clouds of care and illness. As a faithful worker in God's vineyard, Mrs. Wheeler merits the countless friendships which she treasures—friendships in this world and friendships in the world across-the-way.

Hope

BY MRS. ELLA C. GAY

When oft my mind doth dwell
Upon those mysteries, then
Am I also filled with longing
And vague desires,
To know that which doth lie beyond,
And ill can I brook delay,
Or await the time, which
The All Mysterious hath said,
Must first be heralded
By the dissolution of all flesh!

What is to be, is well;
That, have I never doubted,
And yet methinks,
If faces dearly loved
Should meet us not, upon our awaking,
Should we in that great change,
Which perforce will be about us,
Still feel, still know
That it is well?

Here in these shades terrestrial,
Made Paradise by thy dear companionship,
Must this—this—be the end?
And thou were not with me there,
Dimmed would be the glory
Of that dawn, most glorious!

But we shall not be thus accursed, beloved,
For something there is, howe'er at times
Hardly I hear the echo, e'en,
So faint, and low, it speaketh,
"Whate'er thou so much desireth,
That, shalt thou."

Therefore, fear I not—
And, though perchance at times,
The lamp of faith burns dim,
Yet would I that thou didst also
More plainly e'en than I,
Hear the voice that bids us hope,
And know that all is well!

Men compromise with one another, but there is no compromise with God's Law. That being on the square, will teach people to be on the square before they get through dealing with its harsh kick-back when it is broken.

Post-haste and post-mortem may represent the special delivery and dead-letter side of life, but post-graduate is what we shall all find necessary when we receive our diplomas promoting us from this world.

The ninth letter of the alphabet causes more trouble in the world than the appendix.

The Unanswered Searcher

Harper's Editor, in 1857, Still Was Unable to Explain Away the Facts Which He Assailed Each Time with High Hopes of Dissipating.

Heretofore, we have been entertained by the Editor of *Harper's* in 1852 and 1853, but with the passing of four years, we find him still undetermined. Each time, he starts out to disprove all Spiritualistic phenomena, and only ends his effort in the same confession that he does not know, and that there are more things beneath the sun than mortal man surmises.

The following account, under the caption of "Table-turning in France," was copied from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* of May, 1857, No. LXXXIV, Vol. XIV, Page 767, by Mr. Homer P. Adams, 589 St. Louis St., Springfield, Mo.:

Thank Heaven, the spirits are at last at rest, and even Judge Edmonds vaticinates, if at all, in private. The radius of the spiritual circles have shrunk into proportions so small as almost to defy measurement; the Foxes may be presumed to have retired to their holes, and the Hares are in cover. Our mahoganies no longer offend the public taste by indulging in acrobatic feats; nor are young ladies given, at the present time, to converse with immaterial essences in their chambers at night. Our grandmothers, poor old souls! rest in peace, and do not rise from the dead to warn us against Gift Enterprises; General Washington has ceased to be dull, by the mouth of a medium, on the Hon. Mr. Giddings and Lawrence Keitt. A flash of common sense has succeeded the heated term of credulity.

But they are very busy about Spiritualism in France. The Institute, like our Association for the Advancement of Science, shirked the subject. But the public embraced it with ardor, and one of the few topics on which the paternal government of Louis Napoleon tolerated discussion. In 1856 there were more works published at Paris on Spiritualism and kindred themes than on any other. Of course, the bulk are trash. Some are by believers, and the like may be had of Messrs. Patridge and Brittan at very moderate prices indeed. Others are by unbelievers, and may be described briefly as unphilosophical sneers at curious phenomena. But a place apart must be assigned to the elaborate treatise of the Count Agenor de Gasparin, a Protestant gentleman of distinction, who has devoted much time and labor to an investigation of the subject of turning tables and spirit rappings. His work has been translated with remarkable felicity and judgment by a lady of this city, and has been given to the public under the auspices of Dr. Baird.

We must say at the outset that M. de Gasparin has not cut the Gordian knot. He disposes of the spirits; he denies that tables can talk or write in French or Chinese; he does not think that Dr. Franklin's ghost has ever broken silence to give an opinion on the Transatlantic Telegraph; but in this, after all, he has done no more than every person of common sense had done before him. And in respect of the physical phenomena of turning or dancing tables, M. de Gasparin decidedly classes himself among the believers.

In the delightful retirement of his country chateau, surrounded by a dutiful family and a few complacent friends, M. de Gasparin whiled away many an evening in the innocent amusement of table-turning. He has mustered from ten to twelve operators, some of them ladies of a delicate organization, and not over-robust health; likewise a table, three-legged, of ash, with a stout pillar. This table, he says, turned, danced, and performed every imaginable feat. Once, a man weighing over one hundred and seventy pounds, was placed on it, and it danced about as blithely as when unloaded, even condescending to throw its rider at the word of command. At other times, it could not lift the man, but gave a child a pleasant ride; this was when it was in poor health. In a rugged state, it went through its performance with even such a burden as several baskets of sand. As to the nature of its performances, it rose from the ground, rapped with its feet, danced, reared

upright, whirled round, did in short everything that could be asked of a well-bred turning table. Sometimes it required the fingers of the operators to be placed in contact with it; but when its sensibility was thoroughly aroused, it would perform when the operators' hands were linked at a few inches from the surface. Of its intelligence we regret to say that M. de Gasparin does not speak favorably. When asked to rap the number of nuts which a gentleman present had in his pocket, it rapped nine when there were but three; and generally, it behaved with singular recklessness in the computation of numbers. At times the operators were reluctantly driven to suspect that it was guessing; we forbore to enlarge upon so insulting a theory. Whatever moral delinquencies may have been justly chargeable to this poor table, it atoned for them in the flesh, or rather, in the wood. Being overcharged on one occasion, and staggering under a load of one hundred and fifty pounds of sand and stone—like the famous elephant in the story—it raised its three legs once or twice with force and energy, but its strength, exhausted by the effort, gave way at last, and it burst. The pillar was rent from top to bottom.

On the strength of these successes, and others obtained with other tables, M. de Gasparin gives a set of instructions for table-turning which differ in some respects from those which were commonly given here during the prevalence of the epidemic of this country.

In the first place, you must procure "companions in labor whose complaisance never wearies." Almost anybody will do if he possess this requisite—"the fluid power is very general." The room for operations must have an uneven floor. This is a delicate attention to the table, whose feet, we are told, "may require points of support during their elevations." The table may have rollers, but it is better without. The room should be moderately warm; summer is the best season of the year for operations. When you set to work you must be "sanguine of success," or you will "be frozen and will freeze your companions." You must take the table "gayly and with spirit;" tables, we are gravely told, "demand singing at first," and "detest people who are constantly becoming irritated;" if "met by preoccupation they (the tables) are apt to grow sulky." There must be no talking or laughing in the room; the witnesses must be serious and silent.

These conditions fulfilled, let the "ten operators" place themselves in communication by crossing their own thumbs one over another, and each little finger over the little finger of their neighbor on either side. Let a foreman be chosen, and let him give the word of command to the table. Begin by commanding it to turn. Exercise each foot alternately. If any foot refuses to act, discharge the individual nearest it, and replace him by another. "Become animated in difficult moments; loud talking, shouts, and halloos are then of use."

If these rules are carefully followed, it is the opinion of M. de Gasparin that no table can fail to obey orders, and turn, dance, or rap, as circumstances may require.

Now we come to the reason. This is, says M. de Gasparin, a fluid residing in the persons and not in the table, and capable of attracting or repelling inert objects under direction from the will of the person emitting the fluid. That such a

fluid exists many eminent authorities have believed. Jussieu admitted that "many well-authenticated facts, independent of imagination, were sufficient to make him believe in the existence or possibility of a fluid or agent which flows from man to his fellow-man." Cuvier could not doubt "that the proximity of two animate bodies, in certain positions and accompanied by certain motions, has a real effect, independent of any influence exercised by the imagination of either party; it likewise appears clear, that the effects are due to some sort of communication established between their nervous systems." Baron Reichenback announces the discovery of a fluid which he calls "odylic light;" and which, "emanating from the sun, circulates through all bodies, and is a real, cosmical force." By this fluid he explains the phenomena of animal magnetism, biology, and turning tables. Herschel suggests that there may be a fluid which serves to convey the orders of the brain to the muscles; and Muller, improving the theory, argues that this fluid is positive in men and negative in women. Authorities might be multiplied; suffice it to say, that perhaps a majority of the men of science of our day, being unable to explain the communication between mind and matter, the brain and the muscles, would decline to deny that an imponderable, subtle, invisible, nervous or magnetic fluid may possibly exist. Our French table-turner affirms that it does exist, and operates on inert outside matter as powerfully as on the muscles of the body.

But M. de Gasparin is too honest not to confess that at best he has only given the formula of a hypothesis. He does not furnish, nor indeed does there exist, known evidence to convert the hypothesis into a scientific fact.

We presume that if it were at all necessary, or could serve any useful purpose, a bundle of affidavits could be procured from sensible, hard-headed men, affirming that the deponents had, on such and such occasions, seen tables move, and were incapable of accounting for the motions by any known physical law. The fact could no doubt be established on such evidence as would suffice, in our Courts, to take away the life of a citizen. The misfortune—for the table-turners—is, that evidence which would hang a man in a plain case of murder with a knife or pistol will not suffice to command the belief of intelligent men in reference to statements of facts which, in the present state of science, must be classed as supernatural; for history is full of such evidence in support of what we know to be palpable errors.

For nine hundred years witches and sorcerers were burned and persecuted in a thousand cruel ways. Evidence teemed to establish the guilt of the witches and sorcerers. Respectable men had "seen" them riding broomsticks. Respectable women had "seen" children's arms shrivel up at a glance from their evil eye. Magistrates and clergy had "seen" them work miracles by means of sorcery. During the excitement in the religious houses of France, in the sixteenth century, whole convents full of nuns swore positively to the commission of acts which implied supernatural agencies. To this day the case of Urbain Grandier is puzzling. Official reports, drawn by the magistrates of cities and still extant, certified that attempts had been made to plunge witches under water without success; that witches, tied to the stake, and exposed to the flames, burned with blue fire, and that swarms of toads escaped from their heads. These reports, be it remembered, were legal evidence in courts of justice. So during the persecution of the Protestants under Louis the Fourteenth, over a dozen of highly respectable ministers of the Gospel declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had "heard" infants under two years of age make speeches and prophesy future events to the people of the Cevenol. Even within our own time, in 1849, the curate of Guillonville, France, certified that a young girl was possessed of a devil, which would deposit "ropes, candles, bread-baskets, and pitchers of water on her back, tie saucepans and dippers to her petticoat strings," and even thrust a

horse-collar on her neck. She was duly exorcised. Within the past twenty-five years, the Bishop of Seine Inferieure has exorcised three persons possessed of devils, "with complete success."

Are we then to conclude that, after all, the witch-burners were correct, and that the Salem delusion was no delusion at all?

For two or three hundred years, trials by fire and boiling water were practiced on the continent of Europe. In several instances, hundreds of persons affirmed that they saw the culprit plunge his arm into boiling water, or walk over red-hot plowshares without hurt. Queen Theutberge sustained successfully the former test; the accuser of the wife of Otho III. thrust his hand and arm into a red-hot iron gauntlet, withdrew it unburned, and the Queen was burned alive, the accuser being held to have made out his case. Emma, Queen of England and mother of Edward the Confessor, being accused of adultery, walked over red-hot plowshares without hurting herself. Scores of Englishmen and Frenchmen held in their hands pieces of red-hot iron weighing one to three pounds, without injury; and thereby proved their innocence. These facts rest on indisputable evidence. In Castile, during the discussion whether the Gregorian or the Musarabic chant should be adopted in the churches, it was proposed to let the fire decide: a bonfire was kindled and both books were thrown into it. At once, the book of Gregorian chants leaped out of the fire and lay down at a safe distance. It was supposed, of course, that Heaven had decided in its favor. But when the fire went out, the book of Musarabic chants was found in the ashes, unburned, uncharred, unsinged. So it was evident that they were both good. This fact rests on the evidence of a cardinal, several bishops and priests, and a number of the laity of Castile. It was unhesitatingly believed.

We do not propose to enumerate instances of credulity on the part of Roman Catholic priests in former times. A few later cases, dating from periods when the Church was tolerably enlightened, will serve to show the general thesis—namely, the character of the testimony which has sufficed, in times near our own, to induce belief in stated facts. In the eighteenth century, the canons, cures, and parishioners of Notre Dame de Paris united in a petition to the Archbishop, praying for the restoration of a little stone called the Holy Navel, which the bishop had taken away; said stone "affording daily relief in diseases, and having been of signal benefit to the Duchess of Noailles."

Fourteen hundred witnesses, including persons of all ages and callings, testified that the consecrated beads of a convent in France extinguished fires, and drove away thunder; the evidence was taken before Bossuet.

Borel, the author of a work called the Centuries, affirms that he "knew" persons whose eyes possessed such corrosive power that they ate holes in glass; one lady whom he "knew," consumed several pairs of spectacles in a year. Similar statements are made in various works of the sixteenth century on the authority of bishops, priests, and men of standing.

The blood of St. January, at Naples, the Holy Thorns, the SANTA CASA, the sacred bones, teeth and nails, which are scattered over the continent of Europe in such profusion, will occur to every one's memory. But it is not generally known that, among the people of the rural districts, the belief in the efficacy of these relics to perform miracles—a belief, of course, founded on some supposed perceptions and observations—is in many places as sincere as ever. There is not a peasant girl in the northeast of France who gets married without touching the famous thigh-bone of the Virgin at Halle, which is known to cure barrenness. It is generally understood that the reputation of this valuable relic was mainly acquired when it was in charge of Father ———, one of the handsomest and most stalwart priests of which the Church ever boasted.

Let us pass to the instances of belief in prophecies—confining ourselves to comparatively modern times. When we

read the history of the Plague of Milan, we find, first, that the outbreak of the pestilence was clearly foretold by "several physicians and astrologers" two years before it took place; and, secondly, that, hundreds of years before, another prophet had declared that in the year 1630—the year of the plague—the devil would poison all Milan. From the language of the historian Ripamonte it is evident that no one at Milan doubted the authenticity of the prophecies. The people of London were so satisfied that Mother Shipton had prophesied the Great Fire, nearly two hundred years before it took place, that they could hardly be persuaded to try to extinguish it. Nostradamus obtained a world-wide reputation as a seer; more than one crowned head believed implicitly in his powers of divination; the number of his fulfilled prophecies surpassed belief. The list might be indefinitely multiplied. Nor are the cases by any means confined to past ages. Only last month the Pope condemned to twelve years' imprisonment a prophetess named Catarinella, in whose vaticinations the Italian peasantry have unbounded faith.

Of celestial marvels "seen" by persons of the most undoubted respectability, and unquestioned by enlightened generations of men, the budget is enormous. Horsemen riding across the sky with flaming swords have been seen in all ages—except the present. When Massachusetts was in trouble during the Indian wars, most respectable men averred that they had seen similar prodigies. Baptiste Legrain, one of the most respectable French authors of the seventeenth century, "saw men with spears fighting in the sky, at 8 p. m., on 26th October, 1615." And so on for any length.

Every one remembers the story of Constantine and the cross which he saw in the sky when he marched to Rome. But it is not generally known that a similar vision was witnessed thirty years ago, on the occasion of the establishment of the Mission of Migne. On the 17th December, 1826, the priest of Migne was closing an animated address with a recital of Constantine's vision. He had wound his audience up to a high pitch of excitement, when suddenly, above their heads in the sky, at about a hundred feet above the level of the ground, a flaming cross was perceived. Everybody saw it; the whole congregation fell on their knees, praying to Jesus for help; even persons of a notoriously irreligious habit of mind prayed with the others, sobbing and weeping. The cross remained visible for half an hour or more; and an authentic account of the occurrence was drawn up by the priest, counselor and prefecture, and other magistrates.

When Charles V. fought the Duke of Saxony, at the passage of the Elbe, thousands of persons testified that the sun had stood still, in order to enable the battle to go on. The Duke of Alva shrewdly avoided compromising himself by replying to a direct inquiry, "I confess to your Majesty that I was too occupied with what was passing on earth to notice what took place in heaven."

Have the table-turners any more convincing evidence than this?

Let us pass on. About the middle, or the early half, of the eighteenth century, France was exercised by a sort of religious revival, in which the Jansenists and their rivals made much noise. Miracles were performed. One or two of these rest on evidence which we should like to compare with the very best of that on which we are called upon to believe that tables "demand singing," "detest people who grow irritated," and "are apt to grow sulky."

The case of M. Fontaine, sometime Minister and Secretary of Louis XV., for instance, is perfectly well authenticated. He was, as may be inferred from his position, a man who lived freely, and took no mean part in the extravagant festivities of the very depraved court of Louis XV. Dining one day with several Jansenists, he was suddenly impelled to rise on his legs, and to turn round on one foot. "This continued for more than an hour without intermission." When first

seized, instinct prompted him to call for "a pious book." They gave him Quesnel's Reflections. "Though he never ceased to turn with dazzling rapidity, he read aloud from this book as long as the convulsion lasted." The fits recurred twice a day for six months; they lasted from one to two hours, the revolutions being about sixty to the minute; they ceased altogether when Fontaine had read through Quesnel on the New Testament. He then reformed his life and lived austere, fasting whole days together; and, on one occasion, abstaining from food for eighteen successive days. From the rank of M. Fontaine, and the publicity of the court of Louis XV., it is not to be doubted but these facts were authenticated by respectable testimony. No one doubted their truth.

In 1731, during the prevalence of the same Jansenist excitement, certain persons, chiefly young girls, called "convulsionaries" announced that they were insensible to pain. Examinations were made by respectable persons selected from the Jansenists and their rivals. It was certified that "Jeanne Mouler, a young woman of twenty-three, having placed herself against a wall, a very stout man seized an iron 'fire-dog,' weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds, and struck her with it over a hundred blows in the pit of the stomach. . . . Having given her sixty, he tried the effect of the blows on the wall, and at the twenty-fifth blow on the wall made an opening in it." . . . The "convulsionary" complaining that the blows gave her no relief, the fire-dog was handed to a very large, strong man among the spectators. Instructed that the blows could not be too violent, "he struck her with so much force in the pit of the stomach as to make the wall shake." She rather liked it. Another convulsionary, "seated on the ground, her back against a wall, begs persons to come to see her to kick her in the stomach two thousand times in succession. . . . Again, standing against a wall, she places the point of a strong spit against her chest, and makes four, five, or six persons push against it with all their force, till the spit bends. . . . Her skin is indented, and a slight red mark sometimes remains, but the flesh is never cut." Another, "lying on the ground, placed a shovel upright upon her throat, and persuaded a spectator to exert his utmost to drive the shovel through her neck. . . . She only felt an agreeable and salutary sensation." Others were crucified in public, and tortured in every imaginable manner, without feeling any the worse. A more apparently reliable report than the one which contains these fables can hardly be conceived.

The evidence of favor of ghosts is far more imposing than any we have quoted. From the commencement of history down to near our own times, we have the declarations of credible persons that they have seen ghosts. In the sixteenth century, that singular age of mixed reason and superstition, everybody had familiar spirits. Luther, Melancthon, Pie de la Mirandole, one or two kings, several statemen, and hosts of clergymen saw ghosts habitually. We shall give two or three cases, just to show how strong the evidence is in the ghosts' favor.

M. du Palais, a gentleman of character and standing, confessed to M. de Saint Simon, who records the matter in his memoirs, that he had been requested by the Marquis d'Effiat to station himself outside the door, on several successive evenings, at seven o'clock, in order to overhear conversations between the Marquis and a spirit who visited him at this hour; that he had done so, had heard the spirit, and was satisfied that there was no mortal but D'Effiat in the room at the time. The affair was the talk of the court and the town; everybody knew of it. Du Palais was unhesitatingly believed.

Another case. Incomparable friends were the Marquis de Fress and M. de Ranchouillet. They promised each other faithfully that the first of the two to die would visit the other after death. Fress, lying on his bed one night, saw his curtain suddenly drawn aside, and Ranchouillet standing beside him in uniform and boots. He jumped out of the bed to embrace his friend, whom he had not seen for some time—but the figure waived him back observing that it was too late for embraces, as he (the speaker) had been killed the night before. He added that the descriptions the clergy gave of the other world were in the main correct, and that Fress had best amend his ways as he would die in six weeks. This story was told to members of persons by M. de Fress, who fell at St. Antoine, about six weeks after the vision.

Yet another—a well-known one. The Marquis of Londonbury, when a young man, staying at the house of a friend in London, saw a luminous child in a dark room. Narrating the vision to his host next morning, he was told that the thing had occurred before, and that the meaning of the apparition was that the Marquis was destined to eminence. The latter went to Parliament, and saw the luminous child in the House during a debate. It is well known that he became Prime Minister of England.

An equally famous French case. A gentleman of Auxerre, standing at his window, saw a friend pass on his return from the chase. Calling to him he asked, "What luck?" The hunter replied that, as he was walking through the woods, he had been suddenly attacked by a large and fierce she-wolf; that he had fired upon her and wounded her; but that the brute persevering in her attack, he had only saved his life by cutting off her fore-paw with his hanger. In evidence of which, he thrust his hand into his hunting bag to draw out the fore-paw of the wolf to show to his friend, but was horrorstruck on perceiving that his bag contained nothing but the hand and fore-arm of a lady. The two friends were in an agony.

On the finger of the hand there was a ring; the hunter showed it to his friend, whose excitement was fearfully increased when he recognized it as his wife's. She was at a chateau at some little distance. The two friends took horse directly and rode to the chateau. On arrival, the husband asked for his wife. Madam was in her boudoir. He found her there, seated before the fire, with one arm hidden under her apron. Rushing at her suddenly, he tore away the apron, and saw that the arm it had concealed was a bleeding, handless stump. The woman shrieked and gnashed her teeth.

She was seized directly, and handed to the authorities to be tried for sorcery. The trial came on in due course. The husband swore that he had long suspected his wife of being a sorceress. The friend testified to the attack of the she-wolf. The court condemned the woman to be burned, and she was burned at Rome in presence of thousands of spectators.

It is but due to the spirit-rappers to relate now some more of the famous Cock Lane ghost. It really seems intended for them.

Near a hundred years ago, a report was spread through London that a house in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, was haunted by a ghost. The house belonged to one Parsons, and a stock-broker named Kent had lived there as a lodger with his sister-in-law, just deceased. Parsons declared that ever since the death of Miss Fanny (the sister-in-law), his house had been disturbed by loud knockings at the doors and in the walls. The noise making some noise, the house was visited by three clergymen and some twenty citizens of London. The ghost communicated with the public—through the medium of a child of Parsons', a girl aged twelve—by a system of knocks, one knock signifying yes, two knocks no, and a scratch meaning disphance. About two o'clock in the morning the raps began on the wall. The clergymen and the citizens made a thorough perquisition, to discover if possible any trickery; but could detect nothing, and proceeded to examine the ghost. As its vocabulary was limited, the quartette put leading questions.

Q. Are you Kent's wife's sister? A. Rap one (yes).
Q. Were you brought to an untimely end by poison? A. Rap one (yes).—Q. How was the poison administered—in beer? A. Rap two (no).—Q. In port? A. Rap one (yes).—Q. Was anyone concerned in your death besides Kent? A. Rap two (no).—Q. Can you, if you please, appear visibly to any one? A. Rap one (yes).—Q. Does it ever trouble you to be asked these questions? A. Rap one (yes).—Q. Would your soul be at rest if Mr. Kent were hanged for this murder? A. Rap one (yes).—Q. How many persons are there in this room? The correct number was rapped out by the spirit, and in answer to other questions she mentioned the color of a watch-case held up by one of the clergyman. Q. At what time this morning will you take your departure? A. Rap four. And accordingly, at four o'clock, the spirit passed over the way to a public-house, and warned the lodgers out of their senses.

This was a very serious matter. London was beside itself with excitement. The clergy were in a dilemma whether to exorcise the house and child, or to have the ghost recognized publicly. Poor Kent, who stood in no slight peril, very fortunately happened to be a man of nerve. His first act was to have the body of his sister-in-law disinterred, and examined by competent physicians and chemists, who declared that they could find no trace of poison. Meanwhile the crowd which flocked to Cock Lane was immense, and Parsons realized a small fortune by charging a fee for admittance.

The delusion was somewhat checked by the total failure of a grand experiment made in the presence of a large audience of gentlemen and ladies in a house belonging to a clergyman of the neighborhood. The ghost would neither appear, nor rap, nor scratch. The clergy were urgent in their appeals, but the spirit remained mute. Taking advantage of the lull which was caused by this failure, Mr. Kent induced all the parties concerned for a conspiracy, and had the satisfaction of seeing them all condemned.

This was the last of the Cock Lane ghost. The mode in which its rappings were contrived has never been discovered; but the terrors of the King's Bench evidently frightened it back to its propriety.

It may be unjust to such men as Monsieur de Gasparin to class them with the narrators of the fables we have enumerated. M. de Gasparin's book is ably written, honestly thought, well intended. It fills an important vacuum in our literature; and racks at the head of the books on occult science. But, like all the other books on unexplained phenomena, until our French philosopher discovers a theory to account for his facts, he will certainly be classed with the historians of charlatanerie by a majority of the public. A prudent public is essentially incredulous. Books deceive; men deceive; our own senses deceive. The monks who imprisoned Galileo only wrined the history of common sense. With their light, they were entitled to consider him an impostor; and with ours, we laugh at turning tables.

Medicine avers that few persons come to them through a desire to rejoice in the truth of immortality. Most of them who seek the seance-room, do so to find some gain—and once that gain is found, they remain at a safe distance. Until the world learns that only as one gives can one rejoice, there will be many disappointments, and many will say, "The spirit never helped me any!"

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The "Miracle Woman" of Milwaukee

**Mrs. Augusta Messer, Whose Offer to Accept the Rinn Challenge
Has Brought No Response**

In Milwaukee, Wis., there is a kind-souled lady whose marvelous healing mediumship has brought new hope and new health to many—and whose other mediumistic gifts have endeared her to thousands, and have given conclusive evidence of the continuity of life to thousands more.

The following facts are from an article in *The Milwaukee Sentinel* from the pen of Karl King. The material was provided by Mr. Robert Schilling, president of the School of Eternal Life, Benton Hall, 611 Concordia Ave., Milwaukee. The interesting *Sentinel* account, showing how Mrs. Messer's willingness to accept Jos. Rinn's bombastic challenge (an

followers of "mockult" orders. Astrology has been once more brought to the fore in the great international search for the unseen, and divination by the stars is now as popular as bridge whist or a discussion of the effect of prohibition.

But in the alleged "spirit phenomena" of the "psychic medium"—the table turnings, rappings, slate writings, telepathic revelations, and materializing seances the public interest is for the moment centered. Thousands of persons who a few months ago would have laughed loudest and longest at the pretensions of the "spiritualist" have become convinced that personality does persist beyond the grave and that they



Enlargement of a post card on which the writing was illegible even under a microscope, but which was clear when the card was photographed and the photo was enlarged. (Received through another Milwaukee medium.)

acceptance which has brought from Mr. Rinn only silence!) follows:

A wave of spiritualistic investigation is upon us. Everywhere there is felt a burning interest in the great question—"if a man die shall he live again?"

Churches are filled with eager seekers after a religious contact with the souls and spirits of departed friends and relatives; sober scientists have given themselves over to a frantic search for corroborative evidence of survival after death; and the enthusiast, ever alert for an opportunity to expand himself in an atmosphere of exaltation, is today in his element.

There is the cult of the "ouija"—a fad of former years, revived since the war with astonishing avidity by persons of cultivated intelligence as well as by unlettered and credulous

have been put into actual communication with departed loved ones through the operation of public or private mediums.

What Is the Evidence?

The evidence upon which these conversions of thought are based are varied. Sometimes it is a message purporting to be brought over from the other side—a revelation of some intimate detail of personal experience which could be known only to those who were participants in the experience, and which could not have been told to the "medium" by anyone. Science comes forward to explain that even such revelation is not necessarily of "spiritual" origin, since it is a well known fact that certain highly nervous individuals, or "sensitives," possess the faculty of "thought reading" or are un-

consciously telegraphic. So that if one attended a seance, determined that no trickery could convince them, and were told of an intimate personal experience which took place years before, and which was known only to themselves, there would be no reason for them either to accept the fact of a spirit communication having actually been made or accuse the medium who might be thoroughly honest in intention, of deliberate fraud. What would have happened, says science, is merely that the sensitive "medium" brought forth from the subconscious mind of the visitor the lurking impression of the experience itself.

When Joseph F. Kinn of New York recently made his \$5,000 offer to anyone who would produce scientific evidence of spiritual survival after death, a number of Milwaukeeans, believers in the philosophy and the phenomena of spiritualism, made an effort to have Mrs. Augusta Messer, 1331 Tenth street, brought before Mr. Kinn for the purpose of claiming the reward.

Mrs. Messer, a comely matron of fifty-four years, looks and acts many years younger, and her constant activities in spiritualist circles and the boundless energy she exhibits in her work accentuate this impression. She was born in Deutsch-Polyn, East Prussia, on Oct. 14, 1865, and has resided in Milwaukee more than twenty years, her son and daughter living with her. Her son, Albert, is a veteran of the world war.

Associated with Mrs. Messer in her work is Robert Schilling of 605 Concordia avenue. Mr. Schilling is past three score and ten in years, but is agile and active as a man of forty. It is Mr. Schilling who guides the material destinies of the spiritualist group on the west side who make their headquarters at Benton hall, and Mrs. Messer, through the alleged operation of her controls, is the leader of the cult in the matter of phenomena and messages.

It was Mrs. Messer, who, at a public meeting held in 1914, at Benton hall, at which more than two hundred persons were present, predicted that as a result of the world war, which had been started only a few days before, Germany would lose much of her territory, would be disastrously defeated, and would eventually become a republic. The prediction was published in a Milwaukee newspaper on August 6, 1914.

Not only does Mrs. Messer lay claim to gifts of prophecy, of which this is a remarkable example, but great gifts of healing are said to have been hers since she was a young woman. A number of Milwaukee families, interviewed for *The Sunday Sentinel*, have stated the following facts:

Mrs. Elizabeth Becker, 734 Second street, attended one of Mrs. Messer's seances at Benton hall last April. She was told by the medium that her son would be severely injured in a street car accident, and that his life would be despaired of; that he would be in a hospital for a long time, and that the event she described would transpire before August, 1919. Inasmuch as Mrs. Becker's eldest son is a noterman, she assumed that he was the subject of the "message." Two months later, in June, 1919, she sent Leo, her nine year old son, on an errand and while on a street car, a collision ensued, and the child was so fearfully mangled that physicians held but little hope for his recovery. For six months he remained in the hospital.

Mrs. Messer's healing abilities lie entirely outside the controversy in which Mr. Kinn is involved, nevertheless many of her alleged cures are remarkable. Each of the stories related in this article has been verified by *The Sentinel* and are recorded merely as matter of interest. Mrs. Messer, Mr. Schilling and the persons claiming to have been healed have been questioned regarding each case. No explanation is offered by *The Sentinel*, nor any claim made as to the manner of the alleged cures.

Miss Anna Grams, 414 Arthur avenue, stated that physicians had failed to cure her of ailments involving both feet, but that Mrs. Messer, after "treating" her, completely restored a normal condition.

During the epidemic of influenza last year Mrs. Messer is said to have cured more than eighty people. In a family named Schwitman, 1672 Sixth street, the father and his five children were ill with influenza and Mrs. Messer cured them all in a few days. In another family living on Seventh street, near Madison, father, mother and the five children were afflicted, and all seven are said to have recovered in two days.

Miss Paula Hirsch, whose parents live on a farm near Hamilton, S. D., was, it is said, crippled by rheumatism to the extent that she could open her mouth only far enough to force liquid food through, then, her fingers being cramped so she could not close or straighten them. After five months in a hospital she came to Milwaukee for treatment, boarding with Mrs. Meisenheimer, 620 Seventy-fourth avenue, West Allis. After two months' treatment by the spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Messer, she attended a masquerade ball and danced until 2 o'clock in the morning. At present she is perfectly well and works every day.

Mrs. John Gross, 1193 Willow place, was so ill that she was taken to a hospital, where she remained two weeks, and suffered from hemorrhages. Her mother insisted that she go to Mrs. Messer for treatment. After a second "treatment" she walked up stairs without effort. She is now in good condition.

A Polish family residing at 750 Sixth avenue, named Olcynski, had a girl 6 years old, one of whose legs was three inches shorter than the other, and she was also afflicted with tuberculosis of the vertebra. Several physicians that were consulted admitted their inability to cure the child. Then Mrs. Messer was called and she told the family that her spirit controls could cure the trouble, but it would take seven years. When the child was 13 years old her back was perfectly straight and well, and the girl now attends school regularly.

Hundreds of Milwaukeeans are perfectly certain that through Mrs. Messer's mediumship they have received spirit communications from departed relatives and friends. It is this phase of her phenomena which is of direct interest at the moment, since for years the matter of mental healing and faith cures has not only been admitted, but substantiated by physicians.

The writer was favored with a "spirit reading" by Mrs. Messer, which was not without some interest. She told me that I was very nervous and high-strung, for instance. Evidently, it wouldn't have taken "spirits" to reveal this, and then, after a moment's thought, the inevitable "old lady with white hair, who loves you" put in her appearance. Now it is not altogether ungratifying to have had numerous mediums of various sorts bring forth this elderly individual whose devotion is always the subject of comment, but it is somewhat disquieting when one is always certainly informed that it is no relative. I have never had a prejudice against old ladies, and I hope I shall not have one, but if this wraithy old person does not sometimes reveal more than her mere presence, I shall probably come to dislike elderly and devoted ladies on principle!

The following correspondence has been held between Mr. Schilling and Mr. Kinn to date.

Schilling's Challenge

Mr. Joseph F. Kinn, New York City:

Dear Sir:—Having read your offer to pay \$5,000 to any one who can produce any message from the spirit world, and as we need just that sum to improve and enlarge our hall in Milwaukee, built to advance the cause of Spiritualism, I make this proposition:

A committee of three or more is to be appointed, one by you, one by Professor Hyslop and these two to choose a third member. This committee is to select five persons as you propose and the medium that I will suggest, Mrs. C. Messer of this city, is to tell each one of them some fact about his or her past life.

These persons, or five others, selected in the same manner

to write five questions each, which they are to place in a sealed envelope and going separately before the medium, she is to answer correctly at least four if not five of every set of questions. No one but the writers to handle the papers.

The committee to select five invalids having some ailment not visible to the eye, and the medium is to tell them the nature of their disease, locate the pain, if any, and tell them whether they can be cured and in what manner. These people however to tell their troubles honestly and correctly first to the committee so they cannot deny the diagnosis of the medium afterwards.

In addition I will produce an embossed postal card, given me by my spirit friends, in the grooves on the back of which are written the names of thirty-five dead friends and relatives of mine, so small, that they can be read only with the aid of a magnifying glass. In one hole so small that the head of a pin will fill it, is a name written so minutely that no human being has been able to read it with the aid of a microscope. This hole is concave and convex and the torn fiber makes it "hairy." I have another card just like it, without writing and if you or any other "conjurer" can duplicate the writing, I will furnish all the evidence here submitted and not claim your \$5,000. We learned what the name was by having an enlarged photo made. The camera does not lie, and cannot be deceived. And you will admit if writing is so small that no human being can read it even with a microscope, no human being can have written it.

This card is positive, incontrovertible, documentary and always visible evidence of spirit communication, and I will submit it as part of my evidence.

Now this is my proposition to you: If Mrs. Messer cannot do what I have stated in this letter, you are not to pay one cent of the check you offer. If she does, and you can duplicate her tests and messages and the writing on the card without the aid of spirits, we don't want your money. But if you can not duplicate as you insist, then you are to pay the check for our building fund.

Yours for the Right,

ROBERT SCHILLING.

Rinn's Answer

Dear Sir: A letter addressed to me by you on February 25, 1920, was only received today and in reply to same would say that I do not know where you got your information from that I offered to duplicate any trick done by anybody else, whereas I said directly the opposite. I said that while Sir Oliver Lodge and persons like him with no knowledge of trickery felt perfectly confident in their ability to detect and prevent fraud, that neither myself and all other experts in trickery with all our combined knowledge would bet one cent that it was impossible to put one over on us if we accepted the conditions laid down by the producers of so-called phenomena, but I do claim to know how to prevent fraud and I challenge you to produce a medium, Mrs. Messer or any other, who will produce phenomena under scientific conditions (meaning where fraud is impossible) proving spirit communication. Now, I have received hundreds of communications like yours in the last thirty years or more claiming just as wonderful things as you do, but in every case they fell down when tested by persons who understand both psychology and trickery.

I am not a scoffer as you may think or I should not have been an investigator for thirty-five years. An old liberal like yourself, I went into psychic research from a desire to prove scientifically whether or not evidence existed of so-called spirit communication. For twenty years I took the strictly passive, nonantagonistic attitude, working with Dr. Isaac Funk, Dr. Minot J. Savage, Dr. Richard Hodgson, Prof. James Hyslop and many others. For years I have offered rewards, not challenges, for proofs without a taint of fraud showing spirit

communication, offered such rewards personally and in spiritualistic papers, but in all cases not the slightest scientific evidence was obtainable. Now, if some years ago a spiritualistic medium had discovered the X-ray and kept it secret and used the knowledge for deceitful purposes you can readily see how even persons expert in trickery could be fooled.

In your so-called test of Mrs. Messer you distinctly show that you either do not know or do not wish scientific conditions to prevail the way you offer to select a committee. My offer to Prof. Hyslop and also to you is that I shall select five persons and mask them and bring them before any medium (I can not go all over the country doing this, only here), the persons so selected not to speak at a sitting. If the medium will tell anything definite and positive of the dead relatives of the masked persons I would pay you a reward of \$5,000. No such nonsense as writing sealed messages is necessary, too much trickery can be done that way, all I wish is to place an open book, selected at random and opened at random by me and placed so opened on the head or behind the back of the medium and the book held by me secured to my hand so that it can not be removed. If your medium can tell me what is on that open book I will pay \$5,000. (This, of course, would not prove spirit power exactly, but would prove at least something that might be classed as clairvoyance and beyond our so-called physical eyesight.)

Now as to a medium telling disease, that has very little value to my mind, as medical authorities of late recognize the fact that most diseased conditions of the human body produce a distinct smell or have a distinct physical sign on the physical body. I have tested twenty such mediums as yours with a man having a tapeworm, but not one of them could tell he had a tapeworm, so the physical senses would explain such powers.

Now as to your so-called spirit post card, would say that if your spirit friends can write so small as you say, they must have eyesight of a powerful order, so there should not be the slightest difficulty in your winning my reward of \$5,000 by having them read the open book as above stated. If you will permit me to tie a postal card to my hand, keep it tied there during a seance, and your so-called spirits can produce on that card a similar engraved lot of names such as you mention, that can only be seen with a powerful microscope or the aid of a camera, I shall be pleased in the interest of scientific research to pay you \$5,000.

I am too busy a man to go after people, and if you seriously believe in your medium, it should be worth a trip to New York to win \$5,000, and incidentally give the greatest kind of a boost to the cause of Spiritualism.

My attitude is strictly scientific and I would be delighted to lose the money to go down in history as the man whose efforts brought about scientific proof of spirit communication with the living.

Your truly,

J. J. F. RINN.

Mr. John F. Rinn, 319 Washington St., New York City:

Dear Sir:

The receipt of your letter was rather a surprise. Not knowing your address I had sent a copy of my letter to Prof. Hyslop with a request to forward to you. In reply I received a letter headed: "American Society for Psychical Research," containing this sentence: "This society has no concern or interest in the foolish 'challenges' of one Rinn, which are simply a bid for notoriety, and can not act as intermediary between any one and him." This was signed: Walter P. Prince (for Dr. Hyslop).

You can imagine my surprise when I received your letter. Thanks for the courtesy.

It took a long time to convince me that there is life after death and the possibility of communicating with those gone before. I have never realized a cent from the cause, on the contrary I have spent thousands of dollars to aid it, \$2,000

alone in building Ranton hall in this city. But after an experience of forty-five years with my wife, who was a wonderful medium, and many others, I no longer believe, I know. In our private circles we hold conversations with our spirit friends. They assist and advise us in all health, family, personal and business affairs. You seem to have been less fortunate in your experience, as your letter proves. If your experience was as reliable as mine, you would not make such propositions as you do.

First, let me explain: Mediumship consists of various phases; some mediums are clairvoyant, others are clairaudient; some write automatically, others get independent writing when no living person touches the slate or paper, and others again perform most extraordinary magnetic healing, etc., etc., just as some people are good lawyers, good doctors, good statesmen or good business men, while others are good for nothing.

Thus the postal card I mentioned was not written through the instrumentality of Mrs. Messer, but that of another medium, who, unfortunately, is so stubborn that she will under no consideration appear before the public but only among personal friends. Mrs. Messer, on the contrary, has no hesitation to demonstrate her wonderful gifts anywhere and before anybody. As clairvoyant, clairaudient and magnetic healer, her powers are almost miraculous. She has cured "dope fiends," tuberculosis, rheumatism, insanity, deafness, gonor, and during the influenza epidemic last year treated more than eighty cases of that dread disease and not one of her patients died. In one instance to my personal knowledge she cured seven persons in one family in two days. I know of cases of diseases that she has cured without knowing, seeing or touching the patient. She has taken away pain and relieved patients more than a hundred miles away.

In view of these facts you will realize that I am compelled in my proposition to confine the tests to her powers and those of her spirit guides.

Now, as to your "scientific" demands. If I understand the meaning of science it is knowledge that can be obtained definitely and without the possibility of fraud. Your proposition starts out with the assumption of fraud on our part. Then we have an equal right to assume the same thing on your part. My proposition was to leave the decision of the demonstration to an impartial committee. You insist that you are to be the deciding factor. This is manifestly unfair. In the first place there is no need of masking your "subjects." Mrs. Messer knows no one in New York personally, but has no objection to the masquerade. Now suppose you select the five people and Mrs. Messer should give them the most wonderful evidence by telling them incidents in their past life, and describing their spirit friends, even to giving names and explaining their peculiarities. As you assume us to be friends, how can we prove that you did not instruct these masked people to deny everything? Of course, Mrs. Messer's spirit guides would know, but it would be only her word against your masquerades.

Your claim that she may diagnose the ailment of invalids by a peculiar odor is practically ridiculous. You may place your invalids ten or twenty feet away from her, and your "smell" and the belief in it would go up in the air. I have such unbounded faith in her powers that I firmly believe if your invalids were in another room that she could diagnose their trouble. But you might take her to some hospital (you to make the arrangements) and have her diagnose the disease of a reasonable number of the inmates while a certain distance from them, or even in another room.

In my letters I proposed that five persons were to write five questions each, to seal them in envelopes and Mrs. Messer was to answer at least four out of each five questions. This

test absolutely precludes fraud on either side. Why don't you refer to this in your answer?

In the hope that you may find some medium in New York or in that vicinity that will furnish the evidence you seek, I remain,
Yours for the Right,

ROBERT SCHILLING.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Received from Spirit by

W. HUTCHINSON

P. O. Box 4, College Hill, Cincinnati

Every atom of matter being continuous and without end, gives us limitless opportunities to reach out for knowledge and progress, and there is nothing that cannot be obtained by any and all individual mortals, that can be utilized as beneficial, by the use and application of this universal "Thought Force" and its laws.

As Evolution continues in this material World by means of variation and Natural Selection, so does it continue through the never ending NOW, but only in a spiritual sense. Through the agency of "Thought Force" we desire and obtain those conditions necessary for our continued existence, and only as such conditions are beneficial to our progress to the Truth, do we obtain them without great effort either materially or spiritually; and when not desirable for our progress, evolution, natural selection and variation operate by creating barriers to be overcome, until we realize the desired conditions are not beneficial.

Evolution, Natural Selection, Variation, Survival of the Fittest are but component parts of the great "Law of Progress" which always was and always will be, as without it the Truth will never be realized. The truth will not come to us, but we must go to it, and it is only by this great "Law of Progress" that we can obtain it, and we have the never ending now to reach it in. As Variation and Natural Selection accomplishes their beneficial results by destroying the weak and unfit, leaving the best and strongest to improve the race, so does it continue its good work through never ending time and universal space, by erecting barriers to the accomplishing of undesirable results from the action of "Thought Force" as applied to the desires of the material and spiritual bodies, that are not for the ultimate good of the race. The race is continuous and progressing higher and higher to the "Truth."

Not a single action of either the material or spiritual body, is possible without the action of "Thought Force." As we in the spiritual world perfect ourselves by our material agencies, so you, in your world, perfect yourselves by your material agencies, as example: Your "Thought Force," for some beneficial purpose, desires you to make a trip. You utilize all your material agencies to accomplish the fact. Your "Thought Force" carries you through by using your Railways, Airplanes, Automobiles, etc., or whatever it may need to accomplish the desire, and so it goes through every action of your material bodies. We accomplish our beneficial desires by using the same basic force and using our materials. Our materials being so much finer than yours, we can accomplish our tasks in, to you, miraculous ways, but which are no more so than yours, as they are both based on the same force, but different materials. The vibration of matter is the channel through which we both accomplish our ends, but our vibration being many, many times greater than yours, we can and do accomplish those things which look to you impossible. Not being fettered with your gross material, we can project ourselves, both intelligence and body, through either vibration to the place desired by our "Thought Force" instantaneously.

SISTER OF MINE

H. LEIS, QUARTERMASTER, U. S. NAVY

Shadowing veils of the evening fall,
Bustle and tussle and hurry all cease;
Slumber and dreams to the mariner call,
Promising blessings of quiet and peace.
Cargoes of treasure come drifting to me—
Thoughts of a soul unto whom I incline,
One who has crossed o'er the borderland sea,
Sister of mine.

Softly I glide on the billowy breast
Viewing the surging and rolling expanse;
Safe in their hammocks the crew are at rest,
I, all alone, in a sort of a trance,
Stand at the wheel and I feel as we sail
The presence of one to whose will I resign,
Who guides me along on the watery trail,
Sister of mine.

Little I knew in the days that have fled
That it was you, dear, who held out your hand,
Cheered me and helped me and guided and led;
Angel of God, I did not understand
That when you closed down your eyelids in death,
You had departed on service divine,
To breathe upon us a strengthening breath,
Sister of mine.

What a vast joy it has been to my heart,
Sister, to learn that you live as before,
That you are playing a heavenly part,
Teaching the truth to the folk on this shore,
Helping the sinner his ways to amend,
Telling each sorrowing soul not to pine.
Oh, what a wonderful message you send,
Sister of mine.

As Told by the Sensitized Plate

Spirit Photographs Received Through the Mediumship of Ira W. Packard
Are Unusual Examples of Spirit Photography

THE accompanying photograph carries much more than the casual glance would give to it. This picture is reproduced without any retouching.

In studying this photograph, make note of the following points: The lady at the medium's left has utilized the draperies to carry out the effects of her gown. Note especially that the texture of the draperies continues across the left side of her head, and that the right side of her head and face is very clear. It would be impossible for an earth-person to stand in this position and secure the same photographic results.

Now study the picture of the face just at the right of the medium's head, and you will see that the left side of that face shows the texture of the draperies. It would not be possible for a human being to stand in this position and produce the same effects on the photographic plate.

The child resting on the medium's arm presents the following interesting facts: The medium's coat can be seen through the child's features and also through the lower part of the child's dress. A good portion of the child's body entirely obscures the medium's coat in places.

The face directly below the child obliterates the medium's arm and hand in some places, and yet by looking through the laughing mouth of this figure, you will see the cords in the medium's hand. The face of the Indian in the lower right-hand corner of the picture is so real that it obliterates all of the back-ground.

This gives us almost the full figure of the woman, the full figure of the child, and the three other faces, as well as one or two others partly formed. If any person calls this double exposure of the plate, then let him produce double exposure that will bring out the same results. In the case of double exposure of a film, one figure can be seen through another. Here we find that only in places can the background be discerned, while in other parts of the faces and the figures, the background is seen plainly.

This photograph was taken by Ira W. Packard, Corner Park View and Crandall St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Packard gives an illustrated lecture on "Astral Life Science" which he described as "a stereopticon illus-



IRA W. PACKARD

Photographing Medium, Los Angeles.

trated lecture of a journey through 'the Astral Planes' controlled by Rev. John Akerson, formerly minister at East Boston, Mass. These pictures originally were made by the Spirit Control of a Spanish artist."

Mr. Packard has very kindly offered to let us know more about his work, and we hope to be able to reproduce more of his wonderful photographs. Not only does Mr. Packard secure photographs such as the one we have reproduced herewith, but he also secures views of the astral realms. It is these which are projected on the screen and explained by his guides. We have enlarged this photograph somewhat in the hope that all of the details will be brought out as clearly on this paper as they were in the original photograph.

IMMORTALITY

By Charles F. Fleming

WHATEVER creed one may have been brought up in, there is inherent in every human breast, a belief, at least a hope of immortality. The doctrine of immortality is the cohesive quality that holds together our moral structure. The world at large accepts this on faith. Spiritualism proves this faith is not groundless, this hope not futile. It teaches a comprehension of the philosophy of the Master Medium Christ; a philosophy of health, progress and contentment; and a true conception of the Fatherhood of God, the Motherhood of Nature, and the Brotherhood of Man. It constrains man to endeavor to attain a lofty ideal of character. It teaches a deliverance from the evils of existence here through a comprehension of Nature's laws.

Sir Francis Bacon said: "We train our minds against evil by cultivating perfect joys within us. The world is inferior to the soul. The Spiritual forces of God are always near."

This has been proven true countless times since these words were penned. Concentration, and going into the silence, will prove to anyone that those who are near and dear are always at hand in the hour of strife, ready, willing and eager to help the poor wayfarer over the rocky path, or lift him from the "slough of Despond."

A quiet, negative attitude, not strained, not positive, but receptive, will open the windows of intellect, and wherever one may believe light on the pathway springs from, notwithstanding, it still will be shed over the problems that appear unsolvable, and a way out will illuminate the mind. This illumination comes from the disembodied—the spirit—there is but one spirit. The Divine Spirit of the Godhead, and all mortals are part thereof.

If love is love—and not merely desire—so-called death forms no barrier to it, nor to its expression. The mother attends her children, and saves them from many a calamity, unknown, unseen, but a force that acts, and acts in a myriad of mysterious ways, but nevertheless her care is as loving, more so in fact than when she was in the physical body. So with the husband and wife, when separated by the change, seemingly, God's law really brings them closer together, though usually unrealized by the one left behind. Impression—Intuition, just a signal from the loved ones in the unseen.

The unseen are living a subjective existence; we, the embodied, live an objective life. To concentrate, to withdraw into yourself, is to become subjective, and thus draw aside the veil that separates the two existences. Realize that God is good. We pass through vicissitudes that sometimes shake faith in God, but it is all the law of Progression, and when we enter fully into the subjective, we shall be able to understand why. Our troubles, physical, financial and mental, are all stepping-stones to the higher life. Our trials lead us ever higher to loftier ideals, they thresh out the follies, the lesser emotions, the unbecoming edges of our characters, and we finally emerge, sometime, in full possession of our heritage of Divinity. A man or a woman born in the lap of luxury, and passing through this vale of tears, undisturbed, has much to learn.

How can one who has not sorrowed, sympathize with sorrow—one who has never known poverty, appreciate its hardships, and have the proper brotherly feeling for the one enduring it—one who has not been bereaved able to dispense consolation that is felt? These are all Divine traits. No lasting happiness may be had without these virtues, and the road to progress lies far ahead. Progress and Evolution are one and the

same; evolution must go on and on, physiologically and spiritually.

A learned professor of one of our great colleges recently went on record as declaring that no doubt man had reached his zenith biologically, and could perfect no further. The truth is, we can never understand any limitation until we transcend it. As though there could be limitations! So few comprehend the significance of life and death, and the possibilities of development here. How comparatively few give any thought whatever to the change of state until it is upon them, and there is naught in life more inevitable.

Is it not worth while, at least to try and comprehend something of the meaning of it? Understand whatever one has to suffer or endure, it is no visitation of an outraged Deity—it is simply the working of Natural Law. Cause and effect. God punishes no one, but the law of cause and effect is immutable. Fire will burn—cold will freeze, and one must have air to live. All as rigid laws as gravitation. We abuse our bodies and sicken the spirit and often make the temple of the soul uninhabitable; then we wonder at the result, and say God is chastising us. It is not so. A spirit has said: "The way to go into the hereafter is with a full faith in immortality, a full faith in the power of the soul to create its own conditions."

CRITICISM is made of the fact that communicating spirits say so little concerning their new estate. We are told by the disembodied that they despair of making themselves understood—as one cannot describe the perfume of the rose—the emotion of love—the feel of a kiss, or to one who has not known it—the emotion of fear.

Yes, we all must some day. Do not brood over it, do not become morbid considering it—but prepare for it—not by shouldering your short-comings on another, but by trying to understand it, and living accordingly. Carry your sins courageously with you—as you must anyhow—and undo them one by one, and counteract their effects. The more this is done in the physical, the less to be accomplished under more difficult conditions. To illustrate this, a man cheated me out of quite a little sum of money, and seemed to think he was very bright in being able to do it. I told him, "Some day, some time you are going to pay that, if not to me, to someone who needs it badly—but you will pay," which, of course, passed over his head as the ravings of a lunatic.

Several months since he passed into the unseen. There is rarely a circle that I attend that he does not come to refer to that money, and to say he is trying so hard to make it good, and it is so difficult to manage, but that he finds he must settle it somehow. I assure him I have thought no more of it, and it suffices if he has a realization of the matter, but that doesn't seem to avail; he keeps saying he must pay it somehow, and he can have no rest, no peace until it is adjusted. I have been told repeatedly by the disembodied that this is a condition as inexorable as death itself that prevails, a working of natural law, but it is the first time it has come to me personally.

Insure your future peace of mind, as you insure your home against fire, your family against poverty. Get acquainted with your soul. Always be truthful to yourself first of all. Self-deception leads to a blind alley.

Faith in a great and true idea has a power beyond the conception of the masses—and the man or woman who diffuses love can come to no great harm—the very atmosphere about

[illegible][illegible]

... (faint text) ...

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

一、《说文解字》：许慎著，系统分析汉字字形、字义、字音的著作。

[illegible]

It is a very common mistake to think that the only way to get a good education is to go to a good school. In fact, the best education is the one that you get from the people around you. Your parents, your friends, your teachers, and even the people you meet on the street can all teach you something. The key is to be open to learning from everyone.

1. 凡在本行开立存款账户的客户，均可向本行申请开立支票。

[illegible][illegible]

Does the Church keep the members of men in the right path? Does the Church the power to keep them from becoming too good? Have we not the power to convince them that there is a better life, an everlasting communion, nearer to perfection, realization? There are no religions in Christianity. A Christianity, once conceived to be the communion with the immortal, never lets go of belief in another life. It is founded on eternal knowledge. We are called to know and understand which, because we know and are not to stop.

It is a mistake to suppose that the world is a place where the only thing that matters is the money that you have. It is not. It is a place where the only thing that matters is the love that you have. Love is the only thing that can make you happy. Love is the only thing that can make you free. Love is the only thing that can make you whole. Love is the only thing that can make you a person. Love is the only thing that can make you a friend. Love is the only thing that can make you a family. Love is the only thing that can make you a world.

一、姓名：_____
 二、性别：_____
 三、年龄：_____
 四、职业：_____
 五、籍贯：_____
 六、民族：_____
 七、宗教信仰：_____
 八、婚姻状况：_____
 九、子女情况：_____
 十、其他：_____

[illegible]

When you are present at a church event, remember to look at those in the room with you, looking to know if they need additional support. Don't forget to smile at them as well.

Some people feel that the purpose of the church is to provide a place where people can come and worship God. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and hear the Word of God, and where they can receive the sacraments. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and find comfort and support in times of need. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and learn about the teachings of Jesus Christ. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and experience the love and fellowship of other believers. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and grow in their faith. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and serve others. They feel that the church is a place where people can come and make a difference in the world.

Dr. JAMES M. FARRINGTON, M. D., Ph. D., M. D., the
 distinguished educator, author and statesman, formerly U. S.
 Consul at Philadelphia, said:

It is a very common mistake to think that the only way to get rid of a bad habit is to try to suppress it. This is a very dangerous and often unsuccessful method. The only way to get rid of a bad habit is to replace it with a good one. This is the only way to ensure that the habit is truly gone and not just suppressed for a short time.

Now, just that you have your own world, that is sufficient to show that you are interested in the subject that has you the contrary of your conclusion? Are you even ready to abandon your belief in the non-existence of the world? Or are you at least, the greatest philosophy in the world? It is

you fearful of the criticisms, jeers and ridicule of your associates?

John Ruskin said: "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what he saw in a plain way."

Never mind the ridicule—stand by your convictions even if a temporary heart-ache is the penalty. Humanity needs this knowledge more, perhaps, than ever before—constitute yourself a missionary to spread it. Let others know the happiness, contentment, and peace of mind it brings. Mr. William T. Stead, in announcing his convictions to the world, stated: "I can doubt no more. For me the problem is solved—the truth is established, and I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying publicly to all the world, that, as far as I am concerned, doubt on this subject is henceforth impossible. Nothing can be less scientific than to ignore the subject and go on living from day to day in complete uncertainty whether we are entities which dissolve like the morning mist when our bodies die, or whether we are destined to go on living after the change we call death."

Madame de Meissner, the daughter of the late Admiral Radford, U. S. N., and Mr. Stead were friends through a somewhat long correspondence, as his work and ideas interested her, and her sympathetic responsiveness to them added to the interest and enjoyment of the well-known English publicist, but personally they had never met.

According to Miss Lillian Whiting, on the 18th of April, 1912, there was suddenly written, through Mme. de Meissner's hand, a message signed William Stead. It will be recalled Mr. Stead went down with the *Titanic* on April 15th of that year. The *Carpathia*, with the survivors of the disaster, did not reach New York until April 20th, so it was not until two days after Mme. de Meissner received the message that its contents could be verified. Mme. de Meissner, needless to say, is very mediumistic. The message went on to state that he found himself, with many of his fellow passengers, standing on a green hillside, and the group were discussing the chances of a ship to take them off. They seemed to realize they had been shipwrecked. At that moment Mr. Stead's son came to him, and they entered into conversation, when suddenly he observed to his son, "Why, how strange it is that we can be talking in this way together." The son replied, "No, it is not, you are over here, father."

Apparently this rejoinder amazed Mr. Stead. "I looked down at myself," he wrote in this automatic message. "I looked just as I always had, and I said, 'It cannot be true.'"

His son convinced him that it was true, and Mr. Stead went among the others and said to them: "My friends, we have passed through what we call death. We are in what we have always called 'the other world.'" And he went on to state that the group were much disturbed, and rebuked him, saying: "Mr. Stead, death is too sacred a subject to jest about; do not talk to us in this way."

Mme. de Meissner had no means of knowing whether Mr. Stead was among those rescued and on board the *Carpathia*, or whether he had passed into the next stage of life as he asserted that he had, until two days later, when the steamer reached New York, and the fact of his death was rendered probable by his nonappearance among the passengers, which fact was soon verified.

This instance has peculiar claim to interest, both from the character of the mediumistic power through which it came, and from the personality and character of Mr. Stead. It also established the assertion often made, that many do not in the least realize, at first, that they have made the change, so natural are the surroundings in which they find themselves. Through a medium, William James has said that he could not believe he was what we called "dead"; and that he had to be

shown his lifeless body lying on the bed before he could accept it as true. Both of these gentlemen had so advanced in spirituality that the passing was like awakening from a pleasant dream.

Mr. Stead continues his interest in making the world of humanity realize the truth of communication, the survival of the personality, and the proofs of immortality of the soul. He is now one of the leading guides of the Stead Center, ever ready, willing and eager to help the Center in its effort to remove the shackles of superstition and ignorance from mankind.

The following poem, written by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, actor, artist and genius, goes far to portray the meaning of the change—it is entitled:

IMMORTALITY

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came,
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument—the very same
That has been 'proed and conned' from man to man
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.
The ugly creatures, deaf, and dumb, and blind,
Devoid of features that adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.

The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said Number One, "I'm sure of our salvation,"
Said Number Two, "I'm sure of our damnation."
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates,
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels welcome us up in the sky?

"I wonder what great crime we have committed,
That leaves us so forlorn and unpitied?
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."
"Come, come, cheer up!" the jovial worm replied.
"Let's take a look upon the other side:
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers;
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have not wings?
If we can't skim the sky like owl or bat,
A worm will turn 'for a' that!"

They argued through the Summer-Autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die.
And so, to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon;
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.
All through the Winter's chilling blast they lay,
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
Lo! Spring comes forth, with all her warmth and love;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead—
Two butterflies ascend encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of Immortality.

These Firemen Proved That They Never Died



A strange and forceful record of immortality woven into the smoke pall of the burned Terminal Warehouse during the World's Fair of 1893.

DURING the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, the great Terminal Warehouse burned, and in this disastrous fire a number of Chicago firemen "lost their lives"—as the world is accustomed to phrase such fatalities.

There were, as we recall, seventeen firemen who perished physically in this blaze.

A gentleman in Chicago, with an ordinary camera, secured a picture of the smoldering ruins. The accompanying cut is an enlargement of this photograph. In the smoke, every one of the missing firemen is seen in heroic size.

Note the comparison between the faces of these firemen and the others who are seen in the picture. There are a number of firemen still directing streams of water on the smoldering ruins. These human figures will give an excellent conception of the remarkable strength that must have been exercised in projecting these likenesses on the photograph plate.

This gentleman took this picture to different Chicago newspapers. They refused to publish it, saying that it would cause too much adverse criticism.

All of these faces in the photograph were recognized by members of the Chicago fire department. These firemen made their presence known at the very scene of their passing, while

their bodies were in the ruins as charred remains, many of which were recognized with difficulty.

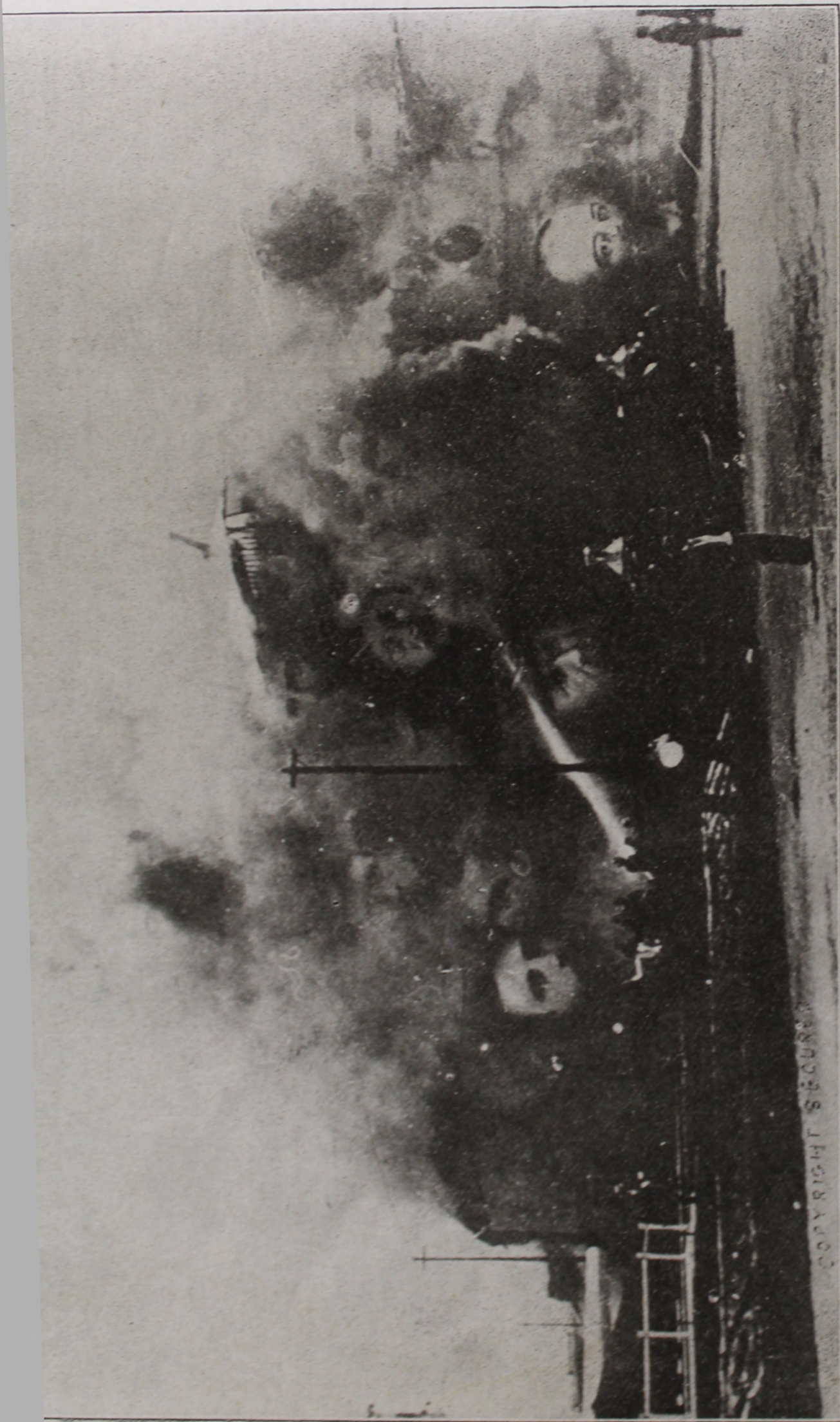
This fire occurred during the period of the great World's Fair and received wide newspaper notice. It was a touch of deep sadness that seemed the more depressing because it occurred amid the scenes of gayety and revelry.

We have been able to present this interesting photograph through the goodness of Dr. Charlotte W. Sedlack, 6521 South Marshfield Ave., Chicago.

The very setting of this picture makes it much different from the ordinary spirit photograph.

In the *Psychic Experiences* in this number of *COMMUNICATION* will be found a note relative to a similar picture that was taken in India, in which not only was seen the spirit of the man whose body was being cremated, but other spirits with him.

Whether the photographer who took the above picture was mediumistic can not be stated. There are times when conditions seem to be just right for spirit manifestations without the presence of a medium. Perhaps this picture of the ruins of the warehouse was taken under similar conditions. The fact that the pictures of the firemen all have been recognized, places this photograph beyond criticism and makes it a most valuable addition to the proofs of spirit existence.



A strange and forceful record of Immortality woven into the smoke pall of the burned Terminal Warehouse during the World's Fair of 1893.

The Sculptor's Lesson

By Florence Belle Anderson

A sculptor paused to rest a little while
And dream of wondrous days, of coming fame,
And as he mused, a tender, lovely smile
Lightened his face—'twas then the *vision* came:

A vision of a thing of wondrous grace,
Child of his brain, and fashioned by his hand,
And when *complete*, 'twould find an honored place,
In Halls of Fame that wondrous thing would stand.

"But *now* before my vision fades away,
I'll make a picture that shall be my guide,
And when its lovely lines are formed in clay,
I shall rejoice,—I shall be *satisfied*!"

And so, he toiled, with hopes and prayers and fears,
Statue and picture, always side by side;
At last—alike—he gazed, but many tears
Suffused his eyes—he was—*dissatisfied*!

"*Is there no satisfaction?*" then said he,
"Must I toil on and *never* reach my goal?
Where is perfection? Can it *ever* be
That earthly things *can* satisfy a *Soul*?"

And then a voice fell softly on his ear:
"I bear a message," said the lovely one,
"Life is a school; and they who journey here
Must learn and learn until life's day is *done*.

"Friend, as you toiled, your heart was pure and true,
You learned your lesson from the Great Unknown;
Now, God has set a higher task for you,
For thus, in working, has your *vision* grown.

"Learn well the task He sets your hand to-day,
A Higher Power has planned it for your soul;
Question it not—'tis the Great Sculptor's way;
You are a *portion* of a *perfect whole*!"

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education
LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

Vol. I, No. 6

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"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Romans 8:18.

PROGRESS—WITH RESERVATIONS

In fairness to the truth of Spiritualism, and in justice to the thousands who are becoming interested, one overshadowing fact must be mentioned—and a plea put forth for a needed improvement.

Spiritualism is beset by jealousy—jealousy among mediums and among others; jealousy that is tarnishing the pure gold of the truth, and that is helping to convince many that a house so fearfully divided can not stand.

Many mediums are unkind to other mediums. Many Spiritualists are unkind to all mediums. Freely, without any attempt at restraint, many make public claims that the forces of various mediums are evil forces, until the novice would imagine that the devil himself was at large, and that the task of choosing the good and avoiding the evil, is too great to risk the effort.

Spiritualists seem to forget that those on the other side of life, have as great differences in personality, individuality and experience as mortals; and that conditions affecting seance forces undergo such changes, that it is not always possible for the communicating spirits to come through with the messages they have planned. Mediums do not seem to understand that their opinions affect the forces, and often thwart the receipt of helpful messages.

The mediums, however, are forced into partisan positions. They are made the pivotal points for quarrels among their friends. As a consequence, their forces are tinged, and lose not a little of their purity. Like wind-swept lakes, those forces are agitated, and often the agitation is long continued.

There are at this time several organizations of national scope—and they are at loggerheads. In the eyes of the members of one, there is no good in what ever is done by the members of another organization.

These conditions are deplorable. They are setting bad examples for the public. They are destructive—and yet they may all be traced back to petty beginnings.

Advocating the highest and purest of all things, the advisability of progressing spiritually, we Spiritualists are under duty bound to have more respect for one another Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, told the early Christians that they should be ashamed of themselves for quarrels and spitefulness; that instead

of standing together, they were carrying their disputes to the courts, and were making themselves the laughing stock of judges who detested them.

If Paul would write an Epistle today to Spiritualists, he might find little reason for changing his dictation. He would find much the same condition after these nineteen centuries of alleged progress.

Work together and stand together, and smother the criticism that you would voice. If you can say nothing good, say nothing. Do not complain about persecution until you have learned how to show just common human regard for one another. Do not rail and rant about the Roman Catholic Church, because that church never could harm you as much as you harm one another—but might furnish a very excellent example to all Spiritualists in the benefits of loyalty and common purpose.

Spiritualists will make no lasting converts on the basis of manifestations alone. The way Spiritualists live, and conduct themselves generally, will be the strongest argument favoring them or condemning them.

All mediums are not quarreling, and all Spiritualists are not at swords' points, but so long as these things are permitted, that long will the public smile and go its way.

Upon every person claiming his or her Spiritualism, devolves a sacred duty. When mediums will declare that the guides of other mediums are "earth-bound, low spirits," they should remember that proof of this claim must at once condemn all mediums as dangerous. When Spiritualists talk glibly about "elementals," they should bear in mind that proof of their claims would brand Spiritualism as dangerous, and communication as a means of consorting with the forces of evil.

If impersonation can be proved (and it is claimed often), then no seance is safe.

The open critics of Spiritualism never have said more cruel or unjust or more harmful things about this faith, than its own most boastful devotees.

All such criticisms on the part of Spiritualists, are criticisms of the spirit-world. It is the same spirit-world trying to manifest through many channels. Conditions vary. The forces built up for the manifestations, sometimes run riot, and immediately even devout Spiritualists will say that evil spirits have come through. Each is sure of his theory, and few are willing to study the facts.

It is far better to say, "I don't know," than to offer an explanation without actually knowing the truth. Every person makes mistakes, and no mediumship is a constant, fixed quantity.

Some most unjust things have been said about COMMUNICATION and the work we are trying to do. Recognizing our debt to Spiritualism, we refuse to use our own columns to combat such statements. If we can not boost, we prefer to not exist.

There is only one manner in which we shall mention mediums, and that is to tell about the beauty of their work. We do not believe that any medium is being used for evil purposes, or that the spirit-world is doing anything intended to be destructive. We do not believe that the occasional manifestations of the ignorant unfortunates whom we are sending into spirit daily, prove that any of us should dread the transition. We refuse to believe that the Law of Attraction is any-

thing but a law, and that in searching for the higher things, we can attract the lower.

Further, we do believe that the animosity shown by adherents of different organizations against their rivals, is unnecessary and unbecoming. Each organization is doing good, and we number our friends among all organizations. We are with all of them up to one point, and that is the point of their disagreements. We would send a beginner to the church of one organization as readily as to another, because we see only the good in each, and regret any foolish misunderstandings that may exist.

Ask God and the spirit-world to bless the efforts of all. Be as independent as you wish and as aloof as you care to be, but keep in mind that you are all working for one cause, and that future generations will remember the beauty of the truths you helped to bring to this world, and will have no knowledge of your petty jealousies and quarrels.

Until you can do that, do not dare to criticise any other faith. After you have arrived, you will be above that kind of criticism. And, incidentally, bear in mind that these reminders are for all of us; and not for some other fellow who exists only in the abstract!

MANKIND HAS BEEN PREPARED

If you question that a great, sweeping change impends, consider the recent history of improvements and discoveries. Within the past third-of-a-century, the world has accepted as realities many innovations and discoveries which would have been branded as the height of absurdity had they been mentioned a generation ago.

During this brief span of years, the world has been given the talking machine, the X-Ray, the automobile, the cinematograph, radium, the airplane, the submarine and many other evidences of achievement.

Not the least of these is wireless—and as each in turn has been presented, the world has doubted, ridiculed, and then accepted. The minds of mortals have been prepared for the greatest of all truths—Immortality!

So rapidly have these discoveries and inventions come to mankind, it is surprising that today any one has the temerity to say of spirit communication, "It is not so; it is not possible!"

Ten years ago, the most sedate business men did not attempt to conceal their interest when watching airplane flights. They were obliged to admit the truth of that which they saw, but they said, "It is a fad." Today, if they glance up to locate the whirring of the airplane motor, it is only to comment idly, and proceed to pay no more attention to it. The miracle of yesterday, is the humdrum of today's accepted routine!

We catch but fleeting glimpses of the Great Plan. We know enough about God's Nature to realize that there is nothing wasteful; that everything is accounted for; that the Great Economist knows at all times precisely what He is about.

So remarkable have been the achievements of the recent past, we have no right to say that a Great Change is not at hand. The stage has been set for it. Objectively, we have the evidence of changed empires,

of Prohibition, of the throwing off of the monarchial yoke even by tradition-chained China; and of so many other sweeping changes, that we should refuse to be unduly surprised without respect to what might occur.

In the economy of the Great Plan, it is evident that just such progress would be recorded preceding world acceptance of Spiritualism. Let us not forget that Spiritualism has been gaining rapidly during these swiftly evolving years.

From many parts of the world comes evidence that "the time is at hand" when the greatest of all progress will be witnessed. Only in part does the fanatic guess, who says, "There are thousands alive today who will never die." Aye, and of all the millions, none in fact has died. The zealot sees and feels the impending change. And those closest to the truths of Spiritualism know that this change will be the world-wide acceptance of the truth of communication between beings incarnate and beings discarnate.

The scoffers, we believe, have but little time left in which to scoff. Those who brand the truth of spirit communication as fraudulent or as illusion, have but a few years ahead of them to gain an audience.

If we set aside all of these examples of remarkable human progress—which have prepared the minds of mortals for greater truths—and considered only the controversy that today is waging about Spiritualism, we would see the signs just as clearly.

If there is to be interest, there must be two sides to every argument. No one gains without searching, and no one searches without thinking.

In their sober moments, most persons pause to think about the facts which, not long since, they decried as lunacy. That which they said could not be, has come to be. That which they say can not be, is here already.

Without this preparation of the public mind (which means the preparation of millions of individual minds) there could be no response to any great change that might come. A change must be recognized, and without that recognition, the benefits it would bring would be nullified or greatly lessened.

The change is under way. It has been under way since the first rays of light came into being. It is nearing its culmination as a change. Later, it must progress through its many refinements.

Let us be watchers and workers. Let us not condemn the critics, because without them, the public's attention would not be called to these truths, and the world would not be ready to accept a change that is coming for the good of all.

Perhaps this gray old earth is a rather bad place, but it will never grow any better if we stand around lamenting on its evil. If we are going to contribute to the well-being of the world, one of the safest plans is to start with ourselves, and watch our own conduct. If we are right, we have helped the world precisely that much. We shall have become examples for others to copy. It takes only a few good men and women to make a community aspire to good. The natural tendency of people is upward, and all that mankind needs is the moral example of some one who has courage enough to try.

Forceful Photographic Evidence of Spirit Return

Photographs Taken for a Man Who Was Unknown to and Had Never Been Seen By This Photographer

HERE is more documentary proof of spirit survival and return; more proof of personality's continuity.

Mr. Charles Kerr of Chicago sent an old picture of his to Dr. W. M. Keeler of Washington, D. C., and soon thereafter received two photographs. These pictures contain many faces that were recognized at once by Mr. Kerr as being the likenesses of loved ones in spirit. One of these was of a brother who passed out in childhood, and yet he is shown as grown up in spirit and bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Kerr's father in his younger days.

Mr. Kerr was unknown to Dr. Keeler, and did not possess photographs of any of the persons whose likenesses are revealed in this interesting spirit photography. Mr. Kerr was

Mr. Kerr's explanation of these photographs follows:

An Explanation of the Spirit Photographs

By Charles Kerr

These Spirit Photographs were taken by Dr. W. M. Keeler, the psychic photographer of Washington, D. C. Following instructions of Dr. Keeler, I sent him an old picture of myself and which is here reproduced. It is an old camera flashlight picture taken about eight years ago.

I do not know how Dr. Keeler accomplished his work but it seems that he took my old camera print and photographed it twice. As a result he sent me two photographs of the photo-



Mr. Kerr recognizes his spirit dear ones in this photograph.



Easily recognized features of loved ones in spirit.

hundreds of miles away from Dr. Keeler when these photographs were made. His own picture formed the basis of attraction, and his loved ones on the other side were grouped so that their features would be clear and could be recognized by Mr. Kerr.

Dr. Keeler has taken hundreds, and likely thousands, of similar photographs. There are many photographers who will bring out spirit photographs when they have their subjects present, but Dr. Keeler takes photographs of those living at a distance.

graph. Upon these two pictures taken by Dr. Keeler I found the likenesses of seventeen different Spirits—all of them being relatives or Guides of mine.

Such good results are most certainly remarkable. I readily recognized several of the Spirits shown on the photos inasmuch as they were either relatives or friends whom I had known while they were here on Earth. Of course, I could not recognize those whom I had never seen. They are all Guides, however, and I learned that I had heard most of them talk-

ing through the Trumpets at the Stead Center or through the Mediumship of Mrs. Mary Dunn.

A recital of how I finally learned the identity of each likeness may prove interesting. As previously stated, I recognized several of them at once, having known them in the flesh. Others I recognized by "hunches"—which impressions proved to be correct when later I checked up with my Guides in



The picture that was mailed to Dr. Keeler.

the Seance Room. Still others told me through the Trumpets just where they appeared on the photos.

So I finally learned the identity of all excepting two of the seventeen. The two unknowns sent me word, through the Control Mediumship of Mrs. Maggie Waite, that they are Guides of mine but that they do not care to tell me who they are just now. They promised that when the proper time comes they will tell me who they are and what they are to do for me.

My Views of the Life of Christ

BY DOROTHY STARK

In reading over an article some time ago in a Spiritualist paper, the writer (a woman) said that she did not see why people made such a fuss over Christ, as He was only a young Jew. She made several such assertions, which brought many things to my mind.

At one time of my life I was of the orthodox belief. I was raised an Episcopalian. Now being in the belief of Spiritualism, my views have changed considerably in regard to the Bible, both the Old and New Testament.

Of course, the Old Testament is principally a history of the Jews, and has been hashed over by so many different men that I agree with what Brother Robert A. Dague says about it in his book entitled, "Is the Bible the infallible word of God?"

In every thing we must take the good out of it and leave the bad, but when it comes to the New Testament, and the Life of Christ, I still hold some of my old beliefs, not that Jesus was the Son of God, and all humanity should pour their troubles and burdens on His shoulders, for in our belief we know it is the life of good deeds we do here, that makes our happiness for us when we pass over to the spirit-side.

But Jesus, from the time He realized He came to help humanity, worked for that one aim until He was put to death. There is no denying that He was the most perfect man that ever lived.

Jesus was purely spiritual, and as a spirit then, as we are now—with a material covering. It was the material part of Him that asserted itself later after years of faith in God's help, when He was on the cross and cried out at the last, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It is not a question, Was Jesus a myth? or His teachings ridiculous (as the writer quoted), but can we look into our own souls and find we are one-hundredth part as pure or spiritual as He was, and if we have the pure brotherly Love for humanity that He had!

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Now that statement is not understood by humanity. He did not mean that we could not come to the Father, unless He interceded for each soul. Why should one pair of shoulders stand the burden of countless millions?

He meant that He was pointing out the Way, the Truth, and the Life, for us to follow in His footsteps, for only the poor in heart shall see God.

Before closing I would like to give out a thought to the readers of this magazine. It is a message that came through for me from my dear mother in the spirit-world; it is as follows:

"My child, we have our part to play in God's plan, as well as you, and we have our work to do here, while you plod on there. We are all links in God's chain of Love, and each filling his place, as do the links in a chain.

"Some of the links may be brighter and stronger, yet the chain is only as strong as its weakest link; so my dear ones, try and keep your link a strong one, and don't be the weak one to spoil the chain's beauty and usefulness; act well your part and you will be a strength to all the rest."

Now I am sharing this thought, which I think a beautiful one, and if we would each try to do our little part in this world, there would be no need for all these different religions, if we carried out what Jesus tried so hard to teach us, Brotherly Love and Charity.

If one only understood that great word Charity, but I guess we are still in the position that St. Paul speaks of in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, 12th verse.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly: but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

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Mr. Stephan's Thirty Faithful Years

Dear Sir:

Inasmuch as "Communication" requests that individuals send in write-ups of their class, mediums, churches, etc., I cannot overlook the opportunity of writing a few words relative to our medium and results brought about by his mediumship.

Our medium, Mr. Ernest W. Stephan, has been a medium for the past thirty years and has been before the public constantly during this time, bringing comfort and consolation to hundreds who were hungering and thirsting for that which their hearts craved—the substantiated hope that their dear departed loved ones still lived on and that they would be re-united again some time, somewhere.

Mr. Stephan is a trumpet medium and made known his wonderful gift in Columbus, Ohio, after sitting eleven years for trumpet, and many still live there who remember him and make frequent visits to Cleveland to see him and his wife, and have the rare privilege of communicating direct with their loved ones who have passed over the border-line. In the earlier years of his mediumship, he traveled throughout the United States and has held seances in some of the largest, as well as small, cities from coast to coast. The voices are very natural and clear and when proper conditions prevail they are very readily recognized by the friends. In 1917 Mr. and Mrs. Stephan moved to Cleveland, being led there by their wonderful guides, Jimmie and Calvin, and all who have made their acquaintance are very glad to have known them.

Our medium was ordained a spiritualistic minister, November 2, 1919, by Rev. Mrs. C. M. Pease, founder of the First Church Of The Soul, Canton, Ohio, and he is now pastor of the Second Church Of The Soul, Cleveland, Ohio. He has two developing classes which meet once each week, and both classes are getting wonderful results at home and in class meetings. All phases are being developed and all members are beginning to know and realize the meaning of "Know Thyself."

The arrangements of the class meetings are made by the controlling guides who offer suggestions each week as to subjects which will be taken up at the next meeting. Two hours is usually the time devoted at these class meetings and the time is divided according to the different subjects suggested at the last meeting. Some time is devoted to trumpet force at each meeting and the other phases vary: a part of the time being given to materialization, messages, clairvoyance, clairaudience, relating of manifestations in the respective members' homes during the week just past, and short talks by the members on different subjects by inspiration. To give you an idea of the status of these short talks I am attaching hereto a typewritten copy of inspirational talk given to the class by the writer at a recent meeting. The topics from different members are varied and the interest and enthusiasm are constantly growing stronger.

The members and many friends look forward to a church of their own some day, with Mr. and Mrs. Stephan at the head. They have attended different camps during the summer months giving many demonstrations of the beautiful truth of spirit return and communication, and the demand for this wonderful truth is so expansive that it is impossible to accommodate all who seek to learn. Many are turned away at each seance because of lack of seating capacity, which necessitates moving into larger quarters, which we hope to see him in soon.

Thanking you for past favors and assuring you of the most sincere wishes and best thoughts from members of both classes as well as our medium and Mrs. Stephan, I am

Very truly yours,

MRS. J. P. TAFE.

1681 Fulton Road, Suite 16, Cleveland, Ohio.

The inspirational subject, "God," follows:

I am not going to make an attempt to make an analysis of God, neither am I going to try to define Him. Nevertheless I would like to dwell on the subject a few moments this evening and I am going to ask you to follow me closely as I travel in thought, because I want to make the point clear and I like to be understood.

How many of us can look back into our childhood days when we were about four or five years of age and remember some of the peculiar ideas which we held at that time? Some were far-fetched and is it not true that those ideas to us now are perfectly absurd?

I remember very well when I was about five years of age, I had a playmate whose father had met with a railroad accident and had to have one of his arms amputated. I might state right here that this gentleman met with his misfortune a few years prior to this little girl's birth; consequently neither she nor I had seen him with both of his arms. He looked perfectly natural to me with only one arm.

Many people used to remark how much this little girl looked like her father and often I would look at my little friend and then at her father, again at her and again at her father, scrutinizing them both very closely and I never could see where she looked like her father. I couldn't see any resemblance at all. She had two arms while her father had but one. Of course she didn't look like him, I thought. Now, this is only one of the peculiar ideas which I had at that age just as all other children have.

Now let us move onward in life's journey until we reach the school age, say eleven or twelve years.

In school we learn that grammarians have given us a rule which reads like this:

NOUN: A word used as the name of something.

PRONOUN: A word used instead of a noun.

Please remember these definitions as they will bear on what I will say later.

Webster gives us the following:

ANIMATE: Something having the life principle.

INANIMATE: That which is lifeless; without life.

Therefore; We have life. If we are of God, God has life and if God has life, He is animate.

Grammarians also teach that when speaking of persons or things, the name and gender being unknown, it is proper to use a pronoun. For instance; when hearing of a new baby it is incorrect to ask how "it" is. "It" is a word which applies to things without life or inanimate objects. "It" also applies to animate objects having life but no gender, such as flowers, trees, etc. Not knowing whether the baby is a boy or girl, we should ask how he is and if the baby is a girl, we will immediately be corrected.

Now, no one has yet been able to define God as to gender. Therefore I can readily see how it came about that people speak of God as "He." Naturally, when we hear someone say, "He did this," or "He did that," without any further question in our minds whatever, we take it for granted that they are speaking of the male sex. That is only natural.

A child before reaching the school age, as I said before, would undoubtedly when he heard his parents speak of God and His goodness or God and His revengefulness, think that God was a man. That too is natural and I firmly believe that more often the man-god which so many people speak of is in reality a man-god of their own idea, which they formed of Him at the age of four or five years, than the fact that they are taught in the churches that God is a man.

I leave this question with you—Does this not seem feasible?

The River of Life

BY THE SPIRIT PSYCHE VIVIAN

Through Mrs. Nettie Wood, Medium

A beautiful stream is the River of Life,
As it flows by its banks so green,
With its brilliant flowers, its shadows and lights,
Its beauties unfelt and unseen.
Oh, many a boat floats down the stream,
That was laden with hopes and fears;
Oh, many are stranded upon the banks
After drifting about for years.

As I sat at twilight and thought of this,
While watching the starlight's sheen,
I wondered if, far down its course,
I would find an island green.
Upon that island are hopes and fears
With many a deed of good
That started so bravely far up the stream,
And was stranded in babyhood.

Here meet the friends made early in life
That we lost as our love grew cold,
With all the fanciful fads of youth
Thrown away when we're grown old.
I asked if someone would give to me
A name for this lonely spot,
Where we gather the hopes of our early years,
With our fads and fancies forgot.

The gentle voice of my guardian one
Answered in accents mild,
"You have added much to this treasure isle
Since I knew you once as a child."
The name he gave me was "Memory,"
"We leave here our doubts and fears,
Regretting, when age surprises us,
The vanished, youthful years."

A Message From the Higher Life

May 5th, 1920. We, your inspirers from the upper spirit realms, wish to state, that as servants of the one true and eternal GOD, we are required in this manner to carry this true eternal fact to humans, viz., that by reason of a supremely issued fiat, a new corporeal world drama is being staged which by universal impulsion will emerge into supremely purposed effects. The active mind-forces on this earth world are barriers to the Heaven-sent help, in great part, thus needed relief on earth is barred back; it therefore requires the impulsion of the omnipotent will of God to remove these barriers in order that the inflow of pure thoughts and ideas regarding human conduct, can impel to needed action the human hive in its entire circle and circumference, inasmuch as human kinship, and helpful inter-activities are parts of the new world-play staged by the Heavenly powers upon earth at the present time.

This is what this crisis through which the world and people have been and are passing meant, therefore the old things must pass away to make room for the new. The outworn labor processes are thickly coated over with simulations so that reality in behalf of timely and eternal duties is not seen, and when at times seen in part, is not complied with. Selfishness instead of truth and love, fills the active minds of all classes of humans, and to this are due all unsettled pursuits.

Those elevated above the common hive, cannot as formerly, compel obedience to their mandates. Nay; they all fight to

have their own will and way, right or wrong, and an entire change is and must be enforced in compliance with the newly-brought-forth world-play. Those who, if it were possible, would delay the better realizations for humanity, which these changes are to accomplish, will be removed to other planes across the divide between the primal corporeal and semi-corporeal provisions of form life, to exist and to be active and useful in keeping with unfolding innate intelligence and improving of the same as growing individuality calls for.

This present new era being ushered in, is provided with the compelling forces of thought concerning man and mind as to origin and uses. This has had mild agitation at every former world-crisis during the present eternity, but without definite results; but now, a full comprehension is granted and will become the common property of all humans; however, not at once, but in gradual succession.

A strange process of creative wisdom made supreme use of in behalf of man, mortal and immortal, has up to the present time been kept under the constitutional cosmic seals of the eternally existing cosmic organism, but now at this time mark, one seal after another is removed to give free corporeal expression to eternal truths and wisdom. Therefore, this is made known to us by marked lessons on processes of creations, as also by the original shade and wisdom formations in the shape of man, which shades of wisdom and etherialized substances, issued forth from the supreme, self-existent CREATIVE MIND, and that these were the patterns for all men that were to be; these were models to draft soul units after in keeping with the cosmic statutes. Hence, it is safe to say that man is the child of God and also that all mind is of God; but this discovery that man's descent from that original high estate to the cosmic depths to so gain tangibility, is the critical chapter that has caused all trouble, because wrongly taught and misunderstood; for all humans must pass through this great universal college for building the divine, tangible, ever-existing individuality that is outlined in each individual soul draft. It is in this sense and in this way that all must work out their own salvation from bondage to crude forces and their own legally attached conditions.

Behold THIS! Ye Students in behalf of man's personal power as well as personal subordination! All substance and force in the carefully and wonderfully built bodily structures of humans, have their legal rate attachments marked in nature's statutes; the use made of these substances and forces multiply or diminish personal credits for drawing higher grades of such supplies, thus gaining promotions, or lower grades which means retrogression with marked limitations on lines of privileged thought exchange and resultant understanding; thus individual growth in the necessary filling out of the immortal soul draft.

Although it has been proven that man lives after so-called corporeal death, it is not really immortality that is gained, but only other bodies for soul and spirit to be active through in worlds suiting their individual needs for their onward service and true soul development. The gains are to all onward movers from earth upward, in that opportunities for individual improvement are much better for all except the earthbound classes whose soul attributes have been subject to misuse, and these wrongs must be righted and atoned for. Help in advice is in various ways given, but it must be proven; that is, made good by the new and superior forces and substances furnished by earnest effort to be true and good and to refrain from any ill thoughts and acts.

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WHY IS MAN IMMORTAL?

By Charles H. Conner, Author of "The Enchanted Valley"

The statements presenting evidence of Immortality that appeal to one person may not appeal to another. Different minds are reached through different channels. One mind is receptive to one group of facts, and another to a different group. To reach all minds, and carry to all persons, who are open to consider, the possibilities of Immortality, is the mission of this magazine. The article that appeals to you may not appeal to a neighbor. Your experience is not the same as that of others. You are attracted to statements that may find no response from others. In this article, Mr. Conner has set into motion an enchanting chain of reasoning—and this author carries the reader along a pathway of argument that is both refreshing and convincing.

Self experiences in sleep and dreams as clues to man's nature; and as builders of an immortal ego.

EVERY day eight thousand souls pass through the portals of the mystery shrouded Beyond; and there are four millions dead upon the battlefields of Europe in the greatest of all world wars. Every one of these thousands, millions, in the dread silence of their hushed lips, challenge the living to solve the riddle of their post mortem state, which, being solved, in the same breath discloses our own. It is not one of those things that we can defer indefinitely, or ignore completely, for on every hand, like an intensely luminous question mark, it confronts us with an insistence that will not be denied.

How have we—can we answer it? Perhaps in seeking for the right answer we too have become veritable interrogation points, questioning faith, religion, philosophy, science; or, straying from these, have sought the company of wisdom professing arts and Cults, such as Spiritualism in its various forms of mediumship, automatic writing, planchettes and ouija boards, hypnotism and telepathy. It would be strange indeed if after all this searching afire, one should at last discover within one's self the elusive secret of self existence eternally prolonged. It may resist all efforts designedly made; and then voluntarily and unexpectedly disclose itself. The following incident, not being the result of any effort or seance directed towards that end, is to the point.

"Do you know Jim Johnson is around here right now?"

"I don't know anything of the sort."

Startling and clear the question came—out of the air! There was no person visibly present with the writer of this article at the time—about midnight—as he sat reading a letter from a friend in Baltimore. Whence then this voice so mysteriously breaking the silence with startling abruptness? No person of that name was known to me; nor was any reference to it contained in the letter. The retort, laughingly made, was quickly followed by a more serious view of the incident. Explanations of the occurrence readily presented themselves—hallucination; the sudden coming to the surface of the sub-conscious record of words uttered and heard elsewhere, but not consciously noted at the time; or was it someone in the adjoining house who had just then spoken? Careful examination of all the circumstances compelled me to discard each of these hypotheses. Obviously then, the next step in an attempted solution of the mystery would be to try to discover whether there was any possible connection between hearing the voice, and the letter. In order to determine that, and yet not prejudice the case, it was necessary to inquire of the writer of the letter as to whether he knew a "Jim Johnson." This I did guardedly, without in any manner indicating what had happened to cause the inquiry.

My correspondent wrote that he did not know a "Jim Johnson"; but when he was in Chicago one evening he attended a Spiritualistic seance. On that occasion the psychic informed him that a spirit who called himself "Jim Johnson," and who had recently "passed out" (died) in Cincinnati, came to him with a communication, which she delivered. The

inference is obvious; and like phenomena so numerous and well attested that it can no longer be reasonably denied.

When we think of the millions dead, slain in the great world war; when we think of the living who mourn them, there can be no greater source of satisfaction than the thought that these heroic dead are but as they who sleep; and that after sleep comes an awakening; and that to the living, in the night of their anguish and despair, illumined by faith and hope as by the pale moon and shimmering stars, science has ushered in the dawn with the sun ray of revelation drinking up the mist of tears. That it is a question of the greatest importance and interest, at some time in everyone's life, all will admit. That it has not been settled millenniums ago with an unquestioned finality, is a matter of surprise; and yet, upon reflection, the reason for the continued existence of antagonistic views upon the subject becomes apparent.

The affirmative position has been made dependent, in the main, upon its champions, Faith and Authority, supported by weak proposed analogies in Nature, as: the butterfly emerging from a cocoon; and the ever recurrent renewal of life in the vegetable kingdom in springtime, after winter's dormant period. Such recognized evidential experiences as man has had in past ages have been vouchsafed to the few, and not to the masses in general. Under such circumstances, doubt or denial naturally had an easy task. It was only necessary to point out such facts as the final universal dissolution of every object, including physical man, which Nature unmistakably presents; that a crushed crystal is never metamorphosed into a butterfly; or that a "dead," winter killed specimen of vegetation never comes to life the next spring.

In the midst of the wreck and ruin that greets one on every hand; in the presence of the three grim and relentless forms that haunt the path of each infant born—old age, disease and death—stalking their human prey, where lies the hidden trail which, branching from the path that millions of feet now tread, leads on to immortality? Modern Spiritualism, with more than sixty years of persistent insistence, has presented phenomena in alleged proof of immortality.

Whether one accepts its claims as conclusive or not, it must be admitted that in it immortality has found a formidable knight and strong champion. The reason that the battle still rages between skepticism and faith is because it is still waged upon alien soil. It is another's knowledge, another's experience that is given us to pass upon, when the foundation needs to be laid in self knowledge, self experience.

"I accept the truth of immortality because I have found something within myself which evidences the possession of immortal qualities," is the kind of statement that will make faith unalterably sure. Afterwards the "Jim Johnsons," mediums, ouija boards, automatic writings and kindred things, as corroborative evidences, will serve to make assurance doubly sure. A step towards such knowledge is made just as soon as we realize that we have no evidence that death has any power over any but "material" things. Therefore, the quest for im-

mortality should begin within the self for the ultra material concealed within the material. For this purpose it is essential that we approach the subject without *a priori* conceptions, without prejudice. Having entered upon our quest, it will not be long before we are struck by the fact that we have a dual existence, one alternating with the other as night succeeds the day, and day the night. These dual forms of existence are embodied in the so-called waking period, or that in which we are "awake," conscious of our physical environment, and engaged in our daily occupations; and the other is comprehended within the sleeping period. Perhaps it has been our custom to regard the dream life as unreal, a sort of "make believe" existence, and only the state in which we consider ourself "awake" as real and substantial.

But upon what criticism is such a judgment based?

The waking consciousness says of its own experiences that they are real; and, though recognizing the other, judging them by its own standard, it brands the dream consciousness' experiences as delusive unrealities! But what has the dream consciousness to say as to the nature of its experiences, and those of the waking consciousness? While asking it this question let us not forget that we are questioning our *other self*. The reply that we receive is that, to the dream consciousness, its experiences are veritable experiences; and the sphere of its activities constitute for it *a real and substantial world*; and while the waking consciousness does give some measure of recognition to the experiences of the other, to the dream consciousness, the things of the waking state—its physical factors—have no existence at all! Since the dream state makes a more definite impression upon the waking state than the latter does upon the former, the logical inference is that, of the two, the dream world is more forcefully real and substantial. That this understanding of their relative qualities is not general is because we are accustomed to range ourselves upon the side of the physical. Our dependence upon, and enslavement to, the physical is abject and complete, and each day binds us tighter, with its fine spun thread, in the meshes of the clinging web, and our mortal fears are our childhood's ghosts that come gliding down the haunted years. Before the question of man's immortality can be set at rest in each individual mind, the essential man, the entity who questions existence, must awaken to a realization of the truth that he is a creature whose being is consciousness and thought; and he must acquire the ability to contemplate these elements of his nature, without interposing between them and his vision the aberrating and coloring spectacles of a physical organism.

For the time being, the plea of Faith, beautiful and inspiring; of Justice, eloquently recounting the unredressed wrongs, the lack and the loss of equal opportunities and advantages; the otherwise abortiveness of life, must be laid aside. Even "reason," much as we laud it, is but clay in the hand of the modeler, becoming all things in all men; that which accommodates itself to a given man's intellect, intelligence, or sympathies; and so, in this instance, its use may be deferred. How can one then gain that consciousness of self which will serve as a basis for the acquisition of a knowledge of our personal immortality? It is written: "Be still and know that I am God." The injunction in this case is the same: Be *still* and *be*. It is in the condition of stillness that true self consciousness, the declaration that *I am*, is realized. It is this condition that automatically obtains during sleep; and accepts the fact of the *I am* of us existing as an entity in and of itself.

Sleep is generally regarded simply as "Nature's sweet restorer," the aim and end of which is to give the physical organism a chance to recover energy and tissue used up during the day. It serves a far more vital purpose than that. It affords the *immortal* man an opportunity for self assertion, self expression, self determination. Then only is immortal man comparatively free. "Awake," man exists in mortality;

and his identity becomes so submerged in it that the distinction between the self and its physical counterpart is practically lost.

So dominated by the material aspect and things of this life are the generality of people, that they never would seek, nor, in the words of the Master, Pipilada, uttered centuries before our era, "*gain immortality*." In view of this "natural" proclivity of man, which is really the assumption of a burden not his own—Sinbad, the sailor's old man of the sea—the importance of the injunction to *be still*, that self may assert itself becomes evident. In the stillness of the darkness of the night earth veils itself from mortal sight; but only thus are heaven's scintillating orbs disclosed, and so when clamors cease, and quiet reigns within the human breast the while mortality sleeps, the I of us, ungyved, awakes, slips past his jailer, and for a space is free!

Whom shall we believe—this tyrant who himself lies bound with the thongs of sleep and silence, helpless till *we* awaken him, but to have him drum into our ears his daily dirge of man's mortality, or that I of us who, being free, transcends the realm of dissolution and decay? There is no stranger circumstance in life than this domination and deception by the physical of the ego, whose rightful relation to it is that of master instead of slave. And, only as it assumes its prerogative will its self existence and immortality, both potential and actual, become unassailably clear; and the power of mind over matter be a fact of common experience. It takes time for an infant to separate itself in consciousness from its surroundings. It has taken ages for the essential man to establish in his own consciousness his differentiation from his immediate corporeal surroundings.

It has been an evolution and a growth up through three dimensional states of existence; and it is the spontaneous, functioning in the fourth dimension, during sleep, that marks the stage of his "putting off mortality, and putting on immortality." Before, he existed; now he begins to live. Self consciousness rather than a multitude and variety of phenomena received upon the testimony of assumedly credible deponents needs to be the basis of our belief in immortality. That the question has remained where it is, is because we have been so intent upon rearing an imposing superstructure that, so far as conscious effort and purpose are concerned, we have yet to lay this, the foundation, wide, deep and strong.

Cartoonists have taken to caricaturing Spiritualism, and it is uproariously funny. We are waiting for some cartoonist who is brave enough to draw some "funnies," that deplore the cartoonist's archaic ideas of spelling. A course at night school is offered by way of friendly suggestion.

So long as important news is set in six-point, fourth page, lower left-hand corner, and divorces, murders, scandals, et al, appear in first-page position, that long do we assume that the public still seeks the forbidden fruit, and has not arrived at the point where daily newspaper pollution is regarded as too filthy for the home reading table.

If Solomon were only on earth today, and would take to writing popular novels, Robert W. Chambers and Elinor Glyn would be forced to step down from their pedestals of the sensational literature of the day, and admit that they are pikers.

There are so many things on earth more reprehensible than the critics claim Spiritualism to be, house-cleaning should begin with eliminating those things that can never make for cleanness or moral progress. Any religion that proves the Immortality that church-goers have long professed to be a fact, can not be the worst thing in the world.

FRONSTROM

SYNOPSIS: "Fronstrom" is an unknown person, who says that he was born in a Far Country and ran away from home to another continent. Working for a farmer on the frontier, he encountered members of a strange spiritualist sect, and accompanied them to their tent city. They rejoiced at funerals, prayed at marriages and wept at births. Immortelles, a guiding spirit, would materialize at important moments and guide them out of danger. The Homeland Community was presided over by the Patriarch, who taught Fronstrom much about the beliefs. One night, while being guided to the location of precious metal deposits, they were surprised by the onrush of a company of soldiers, but guided by Immortelles, they reached a gully where they remained in safety all day. The Patriarch was stricken, and his mantle of authority fell on Fronstrom, who, however, soon wearied of the restraints, and stole away one night. Wandering for weeks, feverish, half-starved, he found a port city, and was taken in by a family. Convalescing, he became a medium, and was arrested and threatened with mob violence, but a kind judge paroled him, and the seances at the judge's home became far-famed. Finally Fronstrom was induced to go to a foreign country to give seances for the emperor, but was chagrined, when aboard ship, to find that he was treated merely as a servant.

What was my surprise and resentment to find, upon meeting His Highness, to learn that I was a prisoner, differing from the ordinary prisoner in some respects, but still subject to the closest surveillance! I was to be permitted to go nowhere without the secret police; was placed in servants' quarters, and permitted to have very little money. My wage, I was told, was to be held in trust for me, and would be mine provided the spirit-world did the bidding of the emperor and his chancellor.

I dreaded our first seance, because I suspected that I would be thrown into prison immediately thereafter. I knew that while I could be imprisoned, my guides were not subject to the same treatment, and might feel free to express their opinions.

I have explained that, during my materializing seances, I would leave my body, which was yielded to a control, and could hear and see everything perfectly, and remember all which had transpired. This I never explained to any one, and it proved to be my salvation.

As a boy, I had read a great deal—and history especially. An over-indulgent aunt had taken me many times to the art galleries, and I had become familiar, through repeated gazing and not through choice, with the appearance of many of the great rulers of the world, whose more or less majestic portraits had been done in oil and hung in those particular galleries.

This fact is important, because up to this time, I had felt that the great of earth are great in spirit. I soon was disillusioned.

The first seance was held in a secret room in the royal palace, or I should

say in one of the several palaces. There were present the emperor, the crown prince—a very austere personage, of vast egotism—the chancellor and about four or five others; I have forgotten the number. Two were ladies—who were rather sneering and incredulous. Great preparations were made to guard against fraud. It was with difficulty that I convinced the chancellor that no one could sit in the cabinet with me.

Finally, we started—and I went under control with a feeling of heaviness. But, as on all previous occasions, I was soon out of my body and prowling around the seance-room. With my sharpened psychic sight, I found that there was a secret entrance to this chamber, and noted the location of a spring that released a panel.

In my spirit-body, I went through this panel and down padded, winding stairs. They led into the emperor's own apartment, where I found other passageways leading to various parts of the palace. I memorized all of these passageways and returned to the seance-room. No manifestations had occurred, apparently, during my absence. As soon as I was back in the room, spirits began to take on material forms and emerge from the cabinet. One of the first was a figure which I recognized as having been a former ruler of this empire. As I watched him, I felt that, somehow, he was stunted spiritually. He was pretending, and doing it badly. That man had been living in a low spirit-sphere. I could tell that from my experience. He was a lustful, undeveloped spirit, but brainy, as human standards go. He still cherished great hopes for the empire, and talked volubly to the emperor, as they discussed the great days in store.

"We shall rule the earth," the spirit was saying, when he detected me, and then he scowled very angrily. He was going to caution the emperor about me, but trying to raise his voice against me while in my forces, proved unsuccessful. His material form dropped to the floor and dissolved.

Then he came to my side, and shook a fist in my face.

"You will regret this eavesdropping," he said, and for a moment I was frightened.

"But don't you know," I hastened to reassure him, "that as soon as I am back in my body, all this is a blank?"

He looked relieved. The former ruler, in spirit, was humbly garbed. He was almost deformed, and I felt that he was unclean, though long a resident of the spirit-realms.

Many strange persons came through that first time. Only one, a grandmother of the emperor, shows signs of development, and she talked to her grandson affectionately, saying, I recall:

"My boy, there is only one Kingdom, and that is of heaven. This lust for power will bring naught but ill. Teach your people less about gunpowder and more about spirituality."

The emperor cursed and the spirit faded away. It was plain that all these folk wished was to employ the spirit forces as spies. This I resented with all my soul, and was determined to thwart any such efforts were it possible.

While feeling very downcast, Immortelles came to my side.

"Fronstrom," she said, as she placed a hand on me, "Do not feel disconsolate. If we refused to let them use your forces, the emperor might have you put to death. This is a very evil crowd, and while you can not understand it now, you are an instrument who will aid greatly to the overcoming of this arch-conspiracy, which includes many nations, and reaches far into the future."

I was relieved, and I was happy to think that I could understand the language spoken by the spirits manifesting, and by the mortals. I learned later that I could understand thought even when the language was unfamiliar.

The seance lasted perhaps two hours, and the emperor felt pleased, and asked me what I would like for dinner. He sent me a bottle of choice wine, which I partook of very sparingly.

Soon after my arrival, I was inducted into a remarkable phase of mediumship. Almost at will, and especially when lying down, I could doze off and leave my body, wandering where I wished, talking with my guides, and remembering everything perfectly after I came back to myself in the flesh.

In this manner, I learned many state secrets, and was told by Immortelles that soon they would try an experiment, which—were it successful—would be of the most far-reaching importance.

In order to make this experiment successful, I was told, it would be necessary first of all for me to materialize through my own forces. Odd as this may seem, I shall relate what occurred.

During this particular seance, there were present only the emperor and the chancellor. The chancellor seemed to have a remarkable power over the emperor, and permitted no seances except with his presence as a safeguard.

Several spirits had manifested—one the disreputable old rake who had ruled in days gone by, and for whom I held a most cordial hatred. My feelings were reciprocated by the king in spirit, and he would have delighted in working bodily harm to me, were it not for the fact that he depended upon me for his manifestations.

For some minutes no spirit emerged, and then—with the Patriarch and Immortelles helping me, I began to build up a body through my own forces. I emerged from the cabinet, and walking over to the light, turned it up full. The emperor gasped and the chancellor swore.

"We did not know that it was over," the chancellor grumbled.

I smiled and pointed back toward the cabinet—and waved my hand in that direction. Taking heed, the chancellor went to the cabinet and parted the curtains.

"Good God!" he cried. "He is here—and there, too! Come and see!"

The emperor hastened to the chancellor's side, while I stood back in the room laughing.

Uncertain as to what to do, the chancellor decided to rush at my materialized form. I dodged him easily—and was back in the cabinet in a twinkling, and dematerialized. The experience quite unnerved both the sitters.

When I came out from my control, I was questioned narrowly, but maintained that I had no recollection whatever, and thought that the nature of the forces must have caused some sort of illusion.

My explanation was accepted, but with reservations. I was to be guarded more closely than ever. Now I was looked upon as dangerous. What might I not do if I could materialize in my own seance? True it was that they could make my body a prisoner, but they could not restrain my freedom in spirit.

Now came the great test. Not many hundred miles distant was the capital of another country—a great rival of the one in which I now resided. There, I learned, at the royal court there were also seances. Their chief medium secured the voices through trumpets and independent of the trumpets.

I visited this seance, in spirit, several times before I risked coming through—but one evening, when many of the leaders of the empire were gathered, I manifested. No sooner had I stepped into the forces than I recognized, among the sitters, a man who was attached to the secret service in the country where I was serving.

I went straight over to him and called him by his right name. He pretended to not heed me. Then I said:

"Sir—you whom I am touching with this trumpet—you are on the secret board of Blank (naming the empire) and have come here for no good purpose. Do not

deny what I say. I have watched you for some time. Your emperor and chancellor are plotting against the security of these people. If they fail to order you from their shores, I will see that no more seances are held in this court or in the court of your emperor!

"Your silence only proves your guilt. One word from you, and I shall reveal facts that will place you in prison and precipitate a war!"

The man was extremely frightened, and although he protested his innocence, he never sat in the seances at that court again, and his passports never more were honored.

This revelation made me a favorite at this court, but despite all their coaxing, I would not reveal my identity to them. That would have jeopardized my mortal existence, and I was beginning to learn that I held a most strategical position—one of the most important in the world.

At a seance in this other country, when only officials of state were present, I came in and revealed all of the plans of the ambitious empire—adding even the military facts that had only been suspected up to this time.

But I may say now that those who read this narrative will not guess at the identity of these nations. The chances are fifty-to-one that they will be wrong. I am not talking about Germany and England. In the body, I never have been in either country. But I will say that some of the most far-reaching movements begin in the least looked-for places.

It was not long before the guides of the emperor whom I served learned about my duplicity—if it was duplicity. I felt, and still feel, that it was for humanity, and so long as I served a good purpose, I did not care what secrets were revealed.

The old emperor in spirit did his best to acquaint his royal descendant with the facts, but every time he attempted to do so, he disintegrated the forces, and this made him furious. He came up to my side at one seance and cursed me vehemently.

"You are a traitor!" he roared.

"How can I be a traitor, when I merely resent my imprisonment? I was lied to when I was induced to come to your country. Besides, sir, if you had been more concerned with spiritual things and less with temporal power, you would have learned more about the alchemy of these forces. Today you would be able to reach your emperor. As it is, you are helpless!"

Giving voice to fearful threats, he left. That was too much for him. He realized his own weakness, and his own deficiency. Strange to say, he manifested no more, but began to study in spirit. The more he learned, the more clearly he saw the folly of his former ignorance, and this same former ruler is now one of the

greatest forces for good in spirit—and was one of the most active in the Great War in bringing aid to the dying and wounded on both sides. Before I left my place of imprisonment, this spirit was my friend—and actually spoke through the trumpet in the rival court, warning against the dishonest methods of the country over which he once had ruled! This is what progress means—and if any one tells you about evil spirits, remember that every one, in time, must and will seek the higher course.

The emperor and his chancellor felt none too friendly toward me, and suspected me. But evidently they did not deem it best to have me put out of the way, because my old friend, the judge, had arisen to great power, and was a man to be reckoned with. He insisted—some three years after my departure from his friendly roof—upon visiting me, and there was nothing for the emperor to do but to make him welcome—and improve my living conditions.

When the judge had become determined to call to see me (the judge now was a governor), the emperor hastened to pay me up my salary, and place me in a beautiful residence, with a retinue of servants. But I was not to be cheated so easily, and lost no opportunity in telling the governor precisely what manner of treatment I had suffered.

I was invited on a cruise and had intended to never return, when Immortelles told me that, without respect to my feelings, I must go back; that I would be imprisoned again in the palace, but for a good purpose. Under her instructions, I gave my savings to the governor, to hold in trust for me until some later date—and after six weeks of delightful vacation, much to the surprise of the emperor and his chancellor, I came back to the palace.

As soon as the governor was on his way, I was placed in a disreputable room, under lock and key—but this room, fortunately, was connected with the system of secret passages, and I knew that my liberty was mine at my pleasure. For the good of humanity, I could endure a year or two more of insults and abuse. What does suffering mean if the reward is great enough?

"Yes," said the little boy returning from his first visit to Sunday School, "I have been Pastorized."

No matter what you may think of COMMUNICATION, leastwise it is not being filled or edited by means of the scissors.

Mother Goose wrote lots better stuff than most of the current criticism that is directed against Spiritualism.

EDUCATIONAL

Searching for Your Open Door

This article is the work of a writer dealing with spiritual problems in the light of the scientific method. It is a study of the human mind and its capacity to receive and interpret vibrations. The writer is a student of the occult and is writing this article for the purpose of helping others to understand the nature of the mind and its capacity to receive and interpret vibrations.

VI—Psychometry

Psychometry is applied to psychic impressions of vibrations received through touching or holding articles of worldly description.

The psychometrist can take an article, which he holds in one hand, or perhaps in both hands, or perhaps at his temple, and he begins to have visions of events that have occurred, and maybe will occur, pertaining to the person or persons whose vibrations are included in that article.

For example, a psychometrist may be handed a handkerchief, a knife, a pin, or any article that has been held or worn by another individual. He begins to receive impressions, and perhaps visions, and maybe even characteristic messages pertaining to that person. The psychometrist may be given a piece of plaster or brick or any part of an article taken from a building, and he will receive impressions relating to the scenes represented by this article and to the events that have occurred within its environment.

There are many fine examples of psychometry that the illustrations that have been given. Before entering into an explanation of these different phases and features of psychometry, let us examine into the nature of this psychic gift. We shall start with those things and forces that are outside of the psychometrist.

You understand the principle of the talking machine. Originally somebody sang into a microphone and the sound vibrations were recorded by a needle pressing against a revolving wax plate. After the sounds are recorded, a master plate is made and from it the records of the talking machine are manufactured. In those grooves on the record, there are many minute hills and valleys. Every sound made out in our vibrations, and through the mechanism of the recording instrument, those vibrations leave their faithful impressions on the receptive wax.

If sound waves can be recorded, why should not all forms of vibration leave their records?

Every time you catch any spiritual strength, you are "tuning up" yourself there. You are using energy, and this energy sends out its vibrations. Every time you think, you are using up real material in your brain. The reality is

just as great as though you pressed the key of a wireless instrument. You are sending out vibrations and each vibration is true to its nature.

Psychometry proves that these vibrations leave records on material objects, and there is every reason to believe that these vibrations pass through material objects and continue like the rays of light in all directions throughout the universe.

The Eternity of Vibration

The Frasers in spirit say that vibrations can never die. They say that the light from any light-giving substance continues throughout all time. Therefore, if you could project yourself to some distant point in the universe, you would come in contact with the vibrations of your acts and deeds, and thoughts years ago. Also, you could come into contact with the vibrations that were sent out in the days of Moses and would be able to perceive precisely what had taken place in those ancient times.

One would think that an ordinary article like a book, that had been in a room for a good many years, would have absorbed such a great variety of vibrations that it would be impossible to decipher them because of the conflict of those different vibrations. This does not seem to be the case. It is illustrated again in the phonograph. An orchestra has played. Perhaps with the orchestra, there have been many voices singing. Those vibrations travel in company up the needle and through the reproducing mechanism of the machine. You can detect their tones and notes as clearly as though you were listening to the original production.

You could not take that same record and produce another record over it. But you could paint a picture over a picture, and years hence remove the second picture and have the first preserved. There is at least one case on record where a beautiful painting seemed to be the work of an unknown artist, and yet it resembled the work of a famous artist and the facts were revealed. A skilled photographer was employed to take a photograph of this painting, and when the plate was developed, the print showed the name of the famous artist hidden in one corner in the design of a corner. It was concluded that the artist had painted his name on the canvas before he started the picture. The one could not detect this instantly, but the sensitive plate of the camera received the rays of light disclosing the name, and produced the evidence.

An article such as a book may contain a vast quantity of vibratory records, and the psychometrist receives those vibrations which it absorbed and interprets

them. To him it is just as though the pages of a book were being turned. The print on one page does not interfere with the print on another. The record made yesterday does not interfere with the record made today.

We may call this the theory of psychometry, but inasmuch as it works out, we may accept it as a fact. The sensitive who has the gift of psychometry is enabled to detect and decipher those vibrations.

Common Psychometric Influences

A person may not be a psychometrist, but may be a sensitive, meaning a psychic person. That individual may go into a strange house. Perhaps he feels a home, the history of which has not been revealed to him. There is a sunny living room and the place would be referred to as being very cheerful. He is engaged with getting his furniture in place, and the other details of settling, this person does not feel any particular influence. But when he settles down to the regularity of life in that particular house, he may find that upon entering a certain room, he feels very sad. This feeling grows upon him, and upon other members of the family. As a result, this man and the other occupants begin to shun this particular room. Their only explanation is that they feel depressed when they are in it. Later they may learn that a tragedy took place in that room; perhaps a murder or a pathos death-bed scene. The records have been left on the walls of that room. Those are the strongest records absorbed by those walls. The other parts of the building also contain the record, but not in the same intensity.

Let us now consider the articles of furniture that were in that room at the time of the tragedy. Those pieces of furniture are bought by different persons, some of whom are not sensitive and feel no particular influence from them. A psychic purchases a dresser, and after a time, he begins to dread to touch that dresser. If he is a developed psychic, he will begin getting the scenes that have been imprinted in that article of furniture.

We now have articles out of the discussion, and take individuals. You are seated in a street-car, and a man comes and sits beside you. Immediately you feel agitated. You are angry. You want to get away from that person. Perhaps he is very evil, or maybe he is not evil but has a bad temper. He may be thinking of some enemy at that particular time. You feel the vibrations coming from him. They are just as real as the vibratory waves sent out by a wireless apparatus.

You may call this thought-transmission. You may call it anything you wish, but

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Reading Sealed Messages

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Very often the medium does not even touch the envelope. He will say: "There is an envelope marked 1124. It is from Mrs. Carrie Hogan, and she wishes to know so-and-so." He has not taken up the letter, but when he is through with the message he will go to the big pile of envelopes on the table and pick this one up without difficulty.

This is psychometry, but coupled with that psychometry are clairvoyance and clairaudience. We find very often that these three psychic gifts are close companions.

How Psychometry Unfolds

In sitting for development for psychom-etry, observe these rules: Place your- self in a comfortable, relaxed position, with the light not too strong. Do not permit any light to shine directly into your eyes.

Have some article given to you by a friend so that you will know that you are getting the right psychometric mes- sage. Hold this article in your hand—in either hand, or close both hands over it, keeping your hands in your lap or plac- ing them on a table before you.

In this, and other kinds of development, always sit in a regular chair and not in a rocking chair. Try to keep your spine in a perpendicular position and keep both feet on the floor. This means that you must select a chair that is comfortable.

Do not try to manufacture any visions or impressions. The psychometrist refers to his work as "psychometrizing." You may receive impressions that seem to be your own thoughts, or you may see visions, particularly if your eyes are closed. Your impressions may be in the nature of a well-rounded thought or they may be ex- pressed as a certain feeling within you. You may feel ill. Perhaps you would feel a pain in your stomach or in your head. Or perhaps you would feel very agitated, or very sad, or very happy. Often when you are starting to psychome- trize, you receive impressions in the form of emotions only. Usually these emotions precede any definite visions or any other messages.

The vibrations from the article you hold put you "en rapport" with the cause of those vibrations. Mediums who give readings for a person at a distance usually wish to have questions asked, or they de- sire to have some article enclosed in the letter that will establish the connection through the vibrations.

You should not sit too long and should not sit too many times a week. Two or three times weekly at the beginning will be sufficient. You should sit only about thirty or forty minutes at a time.

Do not pick up articles the history of which is known to you. Do not pick up articles belonging to yourself, or you will become confused. Get an article from a friend.

After your sitting is over, make some notes on a piece of paper, showing the date and the time and describing the article you have held. After this, write a brief description of the impressions you received, and then take them up with your friend so that you may know whether you have come close to the facts. Do not be discouraged if you do not come close. There must always be a beginning.

For the first two or three weeks, make no effort to use more than one article dur- ing a sitting. When you start to get im- pressions, as soon as you have the facts about one article, you may lay that down and pick up another one. You may find that by placing the article on your temple for a few minutes, will help you get a better grasp of the vibrations.

Other Gifts Unfolded

In psychometrizing, it is quite likely that other forms of unfoldment may come to you, and particularly clairvoyance and clairaudience.

There is another form of mediumship manifested in conjunction with psychome- try. You may be inspired to imitate some bodily peculiarities of the person or per- sons related to your reading. Do not confuse this with control, because it is not control. But very often in sitting for psychometric unfoldment, the sitter may become controlled—partially or fully.

All forms of mediumship are related. And it happens occasionally that a person who sits for one kind of development will have another kind. If you were able to draw pictures, it is not likely that you would receive results if you tried to write songs, unless you had a talent in that direction. If you are naturally a psychometrist, you will develop psychome- try. And if you are naturally clairvoyant or clairaudient, those forms of medium- ship will come, and the psychometry will be subservient.

As in the other articles in this series, we caution you to be patient. Do not demand or try to force results. Unless you are perfectly at ease and enjoy your sittings, you will not receive good results. Do not say, after you have been sitting for a few weeks, that you can get nothing and that it is better to quit. You may have to sit two or three times a week regularly for many weeks or months or even for years. You must be regular in your sittings. Do not simply sit when you feel that you have the time. Try to arrange things so that you can have a regular time, and as nearly as possible be faithful to these appointments.

Psychometry is most interesting and brings many startling revelations. It is related to all other forms of mediumship, and every medium employs psychometry to some extent, even though the medium may not realize it. It is a sort of founda- tion-gift in mediumship.

(Next installment: Telepathy)

it is psychometry. That is the name given to the interpretation of vibrations.

You would not say that you were receiving a telepathic message if you picked up an article such as a bit of lace, and began to have clairvoyant visions and perhaps even clairaudience messages, that are associated with the vibratory story contained in that lace.

Reading Sealed Messages

There are some mediums who do platform work, whose special gift is to read sealed messages. Let us explain just what is done.

You write three questions, let us say, on a sheet of paper. We may assume that these questions are as follows:

1. I am planning on moving from this city and wish to know if it is the right thing to do.
2. Can you tell me if my brother John is in spirit?
3. Shall I succeed in the studies I am now pursuing?

On the letter you write your initials, which, we may say, are L. M. D. You place this sheet of paper, folded, in an envelope, and on the outside of the envelope you may put just the initials L. M. D., or you may put your street number.

Critics of Spiritualism say that it is very easy to read these messages in various ways, but persons familiar with the work know that no effort is made to read them, and that the questions themselves could not reveal the remarkable answers that are given. It would be manifestly impossible for the medium to open every letter and read it.

The reason he requests that these messages be placed in envelopes is because they carry with them a vibration that establishes a connection. This vibration is like a magnetism that opens the way for some guide in spirit to come through with a message.

Here is a sample of what the medium would say when he had simply touched this envelope:

"You are planning on going to San Diego, California—but your Uncle James Crawford, who passed out in 1892, tells you not to go, that you have too much work to do right here. Your brother John is not in spirit. He is in the flesh and resides in Butte, Montana. You will hear from him within a month. You are studying music. But instead of taking piano lessons, you should take up the violin. Your musical gift lies in that direction."

This is a fair sample of the kind of message that is given in answer to such questions. The questions in no manner revealed these remarkable facts. They simply served as a source of attraction. Their vibrations were like keys that unlocked the doors of the forces, permitting the loved ones in spirit to come through with their messages.

Very often the medium does not even touch the envelope. He will say: "There is an envelope marked 1124. It is from Mrs. Carrie Hogan, and she wishes to know so-and-so." He has not taken up the letter, but when he is through with the message he will go to the big pile of envelopes on the table and pick this one up without difficulty.

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(Next installment: Telepathy)

Interchurch Movement

Vituperation and Disruption

By D. A. Reynolds

"Get down on your knees and pray that lightning will strike them dumb and that God will render their teachings nugatory."

"Curse upon your priests and ministers. They are a class of beggars with no more soul than a woodchuck."

The first quotation is attributed to the Rev. Dr. I. M. Haldeman, pastor of the First Baptist Church, one of the largest "houses of worship" in New York City, in a Sunday sermon, May 2, 1920, in referring to the Interchurch World Movement.

The second quotation is from a former Baptist communicant, driven to atheism through church intolerance, and who later became an extensive writer on the bigotry of the ministry.

If there is a criticism to be offered to the former quotation, we prefer to cite the latter as quite sufficient, in an individual application.

Another quotation might be made from St. Matthew 5:22, bearing upon the ministerial utterance, in which the Great Teacher told his disciples that "whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

But the Rev. Dr. Haldeman is not satisfied with the burden of his prayer that 28,000,000 men, women and children that have been engaged in the Interchurch Movement may be struck by lightning, but seems to find satisfaction in the statement that "the Interchurch Movement is putting itself on record as against the commission of Christ and seeking to save that which God has judged, condemned and will overwhelmingly destroy."

The annals of the dark ages show no parallel to a prayer for the wiping out of one-fourth of our population because of a difference of religious opinion, and we can but marvel at the moral turpitude which could prompt such an exhortation.

Let us quote further from this 53-page pamphlet issued by this Baptist clergyman, to indicate his conception of the Christian character and the attitude the church should take toward civilization.

"It is not the work of the Church to better the world. . . . Every church true to its calling and mission should stand as a condemnation of the world that enthrones self and not God as its prime principle and directing force. . . .

The true church is not here to lull men to sleep, but to warn of a judgment to come that will sweep away the best civilization man can establish, even with the aid of a professing church subsidized by

the world. . . . The church is not here to establish civilization. . . . It is not the work of the church to better the world. . . . The church is under bonds not to talk about civilization. . . . Civilization at its best, however, much it may have a head of gold, will always have its feet of clay. . . . The church is not here to educate men in the wisdom, knowledge and science of the world, seeking to get into this teaching the flavor of Christian sentiment and ideals. The folly of any such proposition ought to be self-evident. How can the church attempt a scheme of education that confronts in its text-book and teaching apparatus with the principle of evolution, of uniformitarianism, the logical denial of an original, personal, causation? And when they are teaching the law of gravitation and control of heavenly bodies, at what point can they introduce seriously the doctrine that Jesus ascended in his human body and passed across undetermined spaces to some particular location where distance from the earth is to be measured, not by miles, but years as light travels?"

This is the attitude taken by this Baptist clergyman toward civilization, though he lives in a community noted for its orderly conduct.

This is the gospel he preaches in an edifice exempt from taxation by a civilization he condemns.

This is a man who has received his "Doctor of Divinity" from an educational institution supported by charitable civilization, whose educational curriculum recognizes the Law of Gravitation, which he so vehemently condemns.

This man of letters, the beneficiary of an educational system embracing centuries of scientific investigation, repudiates the truths of astronomy, that he may place the human body of Jesus billions of miles ("years as light travels") from the scene of his ministry, unsupported by a single scriptural reference. Truly his prayers must be "far-reaching."

In his venom, he is crucifying Christ anew by repudiating every Christian principle, and placing himself among those whom the Great Teacher stigmatized when he said:

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Dr. Haldeman takes issue with the Interchurch Movement on its educational program, for, as he says:

"Education prompted by Christian ideals means compromise on the truth of God's Word, and the presentation of a Christ shorn of every claim that should lead us to fall down and adore him. . . . Scripture has nothing to say about His ideals and principles. He did not come to set up ideals nor lay down principles. He came to make Himself the issue of life and death, of salvation or damnation."

Thus we are informed that His sermon on the mount is devoid of ideals; His instructions to His disciples when He sent them forth to preach His gospel has no precepts worthy of our consideration; that the progress of civilization has been in spite of Christianity and in antagonism to its fundamental precepts. Even the epistolary labors of Paul are submerged in this vortex of venom.

With the assurance of one speaking with authority, this Doctor of Divinity tells us that:

"The mission of Christ was not objectively to relieve human suffering. His miracles were purely incidental. They were wrought as credentials that He was what He claimed to be, the anointed and covenant King of the Jews."

Surely if the so-called miracles were the only credentials establishing the truth of what Christ claimed to be, then only the supinely ignorant could fully appreciate Him, for miracles are not to be looked upon as violations of the laws of Nature, but the interposition of a higher law overruling a lower one. Practically every so-called miracle performed by the Great Teacher has now been demonstrated through occult philosophy, lending additional beauty and grace to the Christian ministry. He tells us further that

"So far from holding out the hope that He came to set in motion a force that should do away with poverty and abolish the inequality between men, He announced that poverty and the distinction of class would continue during the whole time of His absence from this world."

Such a declaration may tickle the ears of the wealthy congregation that constitutes the First Baptist Church in the City of New York, but it affords scant solace to the toiling millions that make a concentration of wealth in a few hands the bane of Christian fellowship.

Again he tells us that the Interchurch Movement "is creating, on the one side, an ecclesiastical sovietism, and, on the other, a concentrated dictatorship, a determinator of policy against which in-

individualism must find itself helpless and reduced to the level of a recalcitrant," and that "When it speaks of the kingdom of Christ, it does not mean the Kingdom He is to come from Heaven to establish, but the extension of the present world-stained, infidelity-filled, professing church." Surely this may scarcely be called Christian tolerance, though coming from one whose bread and butter comes from the sources he so bitterly reviles.

Far from tolerance, this student of modern paganism, stands upon a self-imposed eminence of dictation and proclaims to the world through his published tirade, that

"Any profession of Christ, whether by Unitarian, Christian Scientist or other *unscriptural* faith, puts that professor in the kingdom—puts him there as an imitation tare; for, the tares do not represent hypocrites or professors in the Church, but counterfeit systems of Christianity in the field of the world and as such, are distinctively called tares."

Thus he assumes "a concentrated dictatorship" he would deny to others, and proclaims the outlawry of such church organizations as may differ with him in the matter of faith, forgetful of the injunction: "Judge not that ye be not judged," and places himself within the purview of Matthew 7:15, in which Christ cautioned his disciples to "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing (ministerial garb) but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits."

But the moving cause of this tirade of vituperation, may be found in a more guarded expression on pages 45 and 46 of his pamphlet, in which he expresses the fear that

"Through this Interchurch Movement, there is a growing danger of erecting an ecclesiastical autocracy which will compel the surrender of that individualism and independency without which the assemblies of Christ cannot receive available contact with the power and guidance of the Holy Spirit. . . . It is organizing a tentacular, octopus power that will, sooner or later, make it difficult for pastors and churches to act as they may deem themselves led, apart from this outside and growing dictation."

Fortunately or unfortunately, this controlling passion may be buried among the archives of the forgotten past. The dangers that disturbed his vindictive proclivities no longer exist. The phantom of his dreams has succumbed to intestinal debauchery, such as has destroyed many a worthy cause. It was not external oppression that annihilated the Interchurch World Movement, but the parasite of propaganda. In our review of the Movement in the May number of COMMUNICATION we said:

"The inherent weakness of such a movement arises from its gigantic strength. It possesses all the allurements of domination. It draws to itself the parasites of propaganda to prey upon the credulity of its victims and fasten themselves upon the organization for the sake of the per diem or commission their insincerity may command. In their 'drive' for funds, they employ the mantle of piety to cover their sinister cravings for contributions. Theirs is a 'profession' which infects labor, church, charitable and legislative movements, with no more regard for the cause they represent than the professional panhandler and lobbyist."

It is now apparent that this gigantic movement embracing a promise to the confederated churches of a fund in excess of \$1,300,000,000, was engineered as a scheme in which the promoters were to receive a "rake-off" of \$8,000,000 (provided it could be wheedled from a "friendly public") underwritten by the churches and propagated through the ministry. Of this amount, the Bankers Trust Company and the Guaranty Trust Company, jointly carrying the underwriting, had paid out \$7,295,622, when a halt was called. At that time the promoters were spending money at the rate of \$1,500,000 a month, and it was estimated that \$9,600,000 would be necessary to pay running expenses for another year. The parasites were eating the heart out of the movement.

It is sad to write the obituary of such a Movement. Sad, because tragic. Its demise carries with it the disgrace of betrayal and the stigma of avarice. The hitherto respectable, have lent themselves to a propaganda of pelf, and must now stand accused before a discriminating public. The officers have resigned, the crew has deserted, and the "rats" are leaving the derelict to its fate. Well may the Religious Press proclaim it "the most colossal collapse in the church since the days of Pentecost." Well may it be referred to as "the scandal of the big 'drive'." Regretfully must we agree with "Unity" that "The Movement was nobly conceived but it is basely born."

We don't hate any of these enemies with whom we essay bouts. The only thing we hate, is to miss the opportunity of taking up the argument with them.

The corners of your mouth were made to curl upward to greet God's sunbeams—and not downward to flirt with the shadows. Smile—and the smile will work into your heart in time!

When we come to the realization that everything we do, say and think, is witnessed by many in spirit, we shall begin to feel that it is a good idea to be careful of our conduct.

THE JOURNEY OF THE SOUL

By George Eliot in Spirit

Through Maude Misener Leary

The soul, as we all know, is God given. It is evolved from ether and sent into the material through birth. God in His Infinite Wisdom deems it best for the spirit to come down to earth and learn through experience that all things are for the best.

He first sends the soul into the body through birth into the earthly sphere as a proof that through Him all things are possible, first the creation of the soul or spirit and then His power to instill it into the body of the new-born babe. After this is accomplished, its growth is remarkable, as we will note by watching the growth of the soul from childhood on into manhood or womanhood, and then its remarkable development as the human race goes on.

The power of people on earth for good or evil is tremendous, and all power is but the development of the soul in its journey from the astral sphere down to the earth plane and then back to its Creator.

Infinite Intelligence deems it best that we all go back whence we came, so takes the soul or spirit, when we are done with the earthly body, back to the astral life.

Some there are who cannot relize the evolution of the soul and its power to return to its Maker in a tangible form, but we in spirit who have completed the most of our journey can see the whole plan as the soul is first evolved under the hand of God and sent on its way earthward. Then the transition from matter to ether is again apparent to us as it enters the spirit from the body and begins its upward trend to the Giver of all Good.

Perhaps to some the soul or spirit is nothing permanent, but I can only say it is the only permanent thing. For generations souls have come into the spirit world who were astonished to find they still lived after leaving the body, and were as full of vitality and purpose as when on the earth plane.

I have tried to impress upon you that evolution of the soul is God's Will and whatever He sends out must come back to Him. Infinite Intelligence can accomplish all things, so we know that if a soul is sent to earth, it is bound in time to return from whence it came.

In spirit life we have the power to see into the future, and our work is to help and guide those with whom we come in contact on the earth plane.

God bless you all, is the sentiment of the spirit world, and some day when life's work is done, you too will be able to say, "All is well, there is nothing lost."

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

We invite our readers to send in their psychic experiences. These experiences furnish valuable material for Spiritualists to present the subject of Spiritualism to their friends. Besides that they make very interesting and inspiring reading. If you do not wish your name and address published, please ask that only initials be used, in which event we shall use the initials, city and state only without the street address. If your experience has been in a seance-room please add the name of the medium. We wish to give full credit to mediums, and their friends can help us in carrying out this worthy aspiration. Address all communications to: "Editor COMMUNICATION, 981-991 Rand, McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill."

A Denver Doctor's Ouija Experiences

The following interesting article by Helen Black is from *The Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, Colo.:

The ouija board, that once frivolous toy which has gained such vast importance in the past few months and given dignity to the lowly pine, has assumed the same significance in the lives of a great many people today that the fabulous lamp held in the life of the Bagdad youth, Aladdin, many centuries ago.

The only difference is in the form of desire, the Arabian lad having wished for material needs and having them supplied through the medium of that bronze vessel, while today it is spiritual knowledge sought through the ouija board.

Many unusual and inspiring messages have been received by men of high standing in the professional and business world, among whom is Dr. Joseph R. Hood, of 1580 Emerson Street.

Dr. Hood, who is a graduate of Hahnemann College at Philadelphia and held the position as assistant camp adjutant at Fort Riley during the war, first used the ouija board when a child and attached no deeper significance to it than the pleasure afforded. A serious interest was awakened in this seemingly inane piece of wood in the fall of 1916 by an article in a magazine of national repute describing the Patience Worth incident.

"I had, in the meantime, gradually become interested in various phases of psychology, an interest which, it seemed to me, had lain dormant always, just waiting an occasion to be aroused, with but one practical demonstration pointing to a communication with disembodied spirits," said Dr. Hood in explaining his study concerning the source of information obtained thru the mediumship of the ouija board.

"A patient, whom I knew to be psychic from several experiences she had had, one which dealt with dual personality and which I had the opportunity to observe, and I decided to secure a board and follow this phenomenon closely and with serious attitude. We were successful in getting immediate results although various entities communicated with indifferent material."

In a short time, Dr. Hood says, he learned to exclude the many types which

presented themselves and choose the ones he desired to communicate with just as he chose his friends. One character in particular, who calls herself Oyama, has been in constant communication with Dr. Hood during his experience with the ouija board.

"She has proven herself a friend in matters of advice, guidance and comfort and her mind is most alert and keen, picking up the mental attitude with which I approach the board and her messages are such as could only come from a most cultivated and beautifully educated intellect," he said when speaking of Oyama, who he believes to be an Indian princess who lived many centuries ago and passed away when very young.

Two very close friends who have passed out during the past eighteen months have also come with messages to Dr. Hood, assuring him that they were alive and remembering all of the incidents of their association, and of such a nature as to remove any doubt as to their source.

A number of autobiographies have been given and being of a post-humous nature, are decidedly unusual and interesting. In one instance the material came from a German soldier, whose mother had been a native of England, while his father was of German parentage. Owing to circumstances, and against his will, he was compelled to fight in the German ranks.

Upon his refusal to practice some of the atrocities which it was suggested he should do, he was shot. The account of this incident was submitted to Professor Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, for his criticism, and is being held in the files of that society for future reference.

One of the most interesting characters, which Dr. Hood says has communicated with him and whose messages are absolutely true to his type, not alone in the material but in the style in which it is submitted, is Walt Whitman. Following are extracts from messages Dr. Hood says he has received from Whitman:

"My son, you are entering into a bigger proposition than you have planned for yourself. It is one that broadens the farther you advance and between them who will grasp blindly for every crumb of comfort that can be taken from your communications, and others who will be

pleased to tear apart and dissect every sentence, it can only be a guess which will retard your progress greater; for you are interested in giving others what you have received.

"Brace yourself against praise and criticism alike for there are many of each class of investigators who will cling to their own personal opinion, regardless of the merits of your work. I cannot always come when there seems to be disturbances of temperament or other emotions that charge the spiritual atmosphere with an element that will not merge into the thought of the spiritual mind.

"That we do not always respond to your efforts is caused by conditions that sometimes are easily explainable, sometimes not. The first thing usually asked is, 'Give us a poem,' as if that were the main and most important occupation of mind after it had taken on the spiritual life.

"Son of earth, I speak the words of one who has passed through varied experiences and tasted the joys and sorrows of earth experience and of death and yet have found life and continuation of earth experience. The first question that you might naturally wish to take up and study is the probability or possibility of gaining victory over the grave, where death may be prevented and the great fear that subconsciously dominates every existence may be vanished, but this is of minor importance in the cause for which we struggle and only in losing sight of this phase of life and concentrating on the essentials, can we hope to reach the plane of existence that will free the spirits of the hindrances to which they are now subjected."

He declares, according to Dr. Hood, that he holds no regrets for any acts during his earthly life and although his life was not exemplary and one to be copied, every part of it found a place in the plan he was to follow. Due to the spiritual vision which surpasses the physical even more than the strongest telescopic lens shows distant objects not visible to the natural eye, he is unable to explain his occupation in the spirit world.

That those in the spirit world can live and love and interest themselves in every

phase of life is proof of their continued existence, and whether they eat and drink is not considered necessary to their life and growth, he affirms.

There is great danger in following work of this description, he asserts, and that a strict physical regime must follow, for it is essential to keep a well-balanced mind and poise, if the best results are to be secured, and that when the mind is permitted to run away with reason there is danger to the earth life.

Oyama gives an explanation of the use of the ouija board in the following notes taken from her talks with Dr. Hood:

"But what of they who have passed over? Will they return and do they live?—your subconsciousness queries. If your thought and mind could realize the truth of spirit, you would see how closely in touch one world is with the other, you would think of the two as one. We of the spirit can be seen and heard, not in rappings and the use of matter in the physical, but through a sense of being yet to be cultivated.

"But this does not tell you just how, without fail, to establish the communication into the world of spirit. The method we use is but a makeshift and will pass as you accustom yourself to other ways."

Oyama has lived through many centuries as a spirit and near entity of earth she declared, and believes that nothing is impossible of accomplishment.

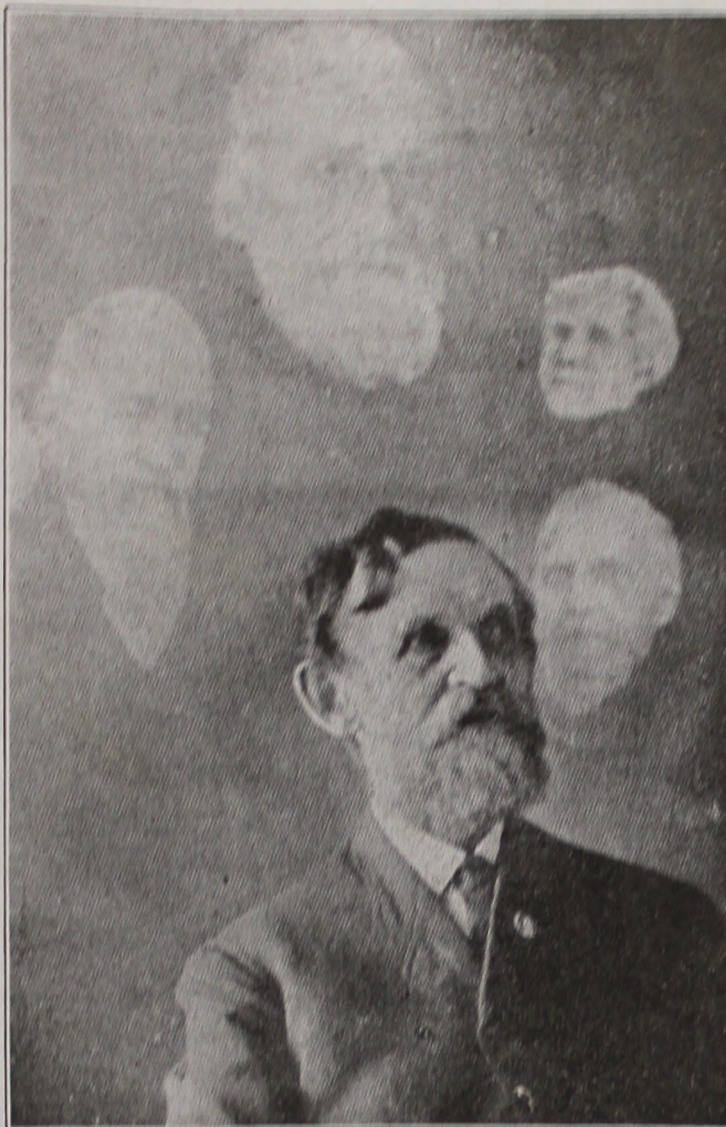
Reavis, a soldier lad and very close friend of Dr. Hood's, who died recently tells something of the appearance of those who inhabit the spiritual world, and speaks with a joyous abandon in all of his messages.

"Alive! You do believe, sir, I am with you! The life here is somewhat different and still so much the same. We are not burdened with the physical as there, but we do have definite form and shape I assure you; and the beauty that is given out by spirits whose mind and thoughts were clean and wholesome, is just as much a part of this new body as your features are a part of you. We move about with a lightness of motion that is a joy in itself; there is so much to keep us happy, so many things that come as a pleasant surprise to us as the moments pass.

"Not blood and sinew make up our body here, but I am just as much a man, a living being of thought and purpose as I was, one short year ago. Some day I hope to tell you of my work and plans and friends, for friends I have already found, whose spirit forms are beautiful, I cannot call them bodies, for that would

seem to desecrate the love refined and purpose that make up the spirit beautiful.

"If I had understood as I do now and hope to make you feel and see, my whole life there would have been changed. I am glad that I was called so soon. Those about me on earth eased the pain that comes when the spirit frees itself from



H. E. CHASE, Author of "The Lost Atlantis," Sitter. Spirit photographs taken by H. E. Chase, Cleveland, Ohio. Spirit forms, reading from left to right: Andrew Jackson Davis, U. S. A.; Annie Bright, Melbourne, Australia; William T. Stead, London, Eng. The spirit forms have been fully identified by competent and reliable witnesses. Copyrighted 1915.

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"At once my spirit soared to its own heaven. Not like so many who enter here, confused and fearful, I did not linger near the danger zone of chance, their presence, the only thing that I clung to, I found a blessed balm, those first strange hours when spirit, torn with its long struggle, was seeking refuge, where the first environment would mean so much to me. There are helpers here who meet the inward rush, but the spirit existence is not the same to every entrant."

Dr. Hood operates the ouija board with one hand and transfers the conversations to paper with the other. A pile of manuscripts, messages from various characters who live in the spirit world, may form

the subject for a book, he said, particularly when he received more definite information, as promised by his spirit friends.

Saved By a Spirit Voice

We reproduce the following from *The Houston (Texas) Post*. Here we find that

destiny had decreed that this aviator had not arrived at the end of his schedule of mortal existence. If something extraordinary had not occurred, this man would have been killed. The exigencies of the situation were sufficiently strong to open the door, and through this open door came the voice of some loved one in spirit giving the essential instructions. This voice may have been heard clairaudiently or it may have been spoken outright. Read this experience and judge for yourself:

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H. C. "Pop" Keller was a civilian flying instructor at Rich field in the spring of 1918. The JN4D recently was inaugurated as the training ship for cadets. "Pop" was always cautious and curious to know the peculiarities of all types of planes and to familiarize himself with them thoroughly.

He took off one morning, alone in the rear seat, in one of the new consignment of JN4Ds at Rich field to "try her out." She seemed to work O. K. The power was peppy, the controls exceptionally sensitive and the ship was up to "Pop's" expectations in every particular. "Pop" decided

to nose her down for a rather steep glide. He pushed his stick forward and throttled. Presently he decided to level off and pulled back on the stick.

It would not move. He pulled harder and harder. He shoved forward and then pulled, but the stick was frozen. All this time, of course, "Pop" was in a steep glide toward old mother earth. "Pop" says he used his rudder all he could and tried to think, but could think of nothing.

Again he pulled and tugged at the stick and again there was no response. He was now about 700 or 800 feet from the ground. Suddenly, "Pop" relates, a voice seemed to call out, "Shove her to the right." He obeyed the unknown voice. Far over to the right "Pop" shoved the stick and then he pulled back and the stick came back into proper position with "Pop's" guidance about 300 feet from the ground.

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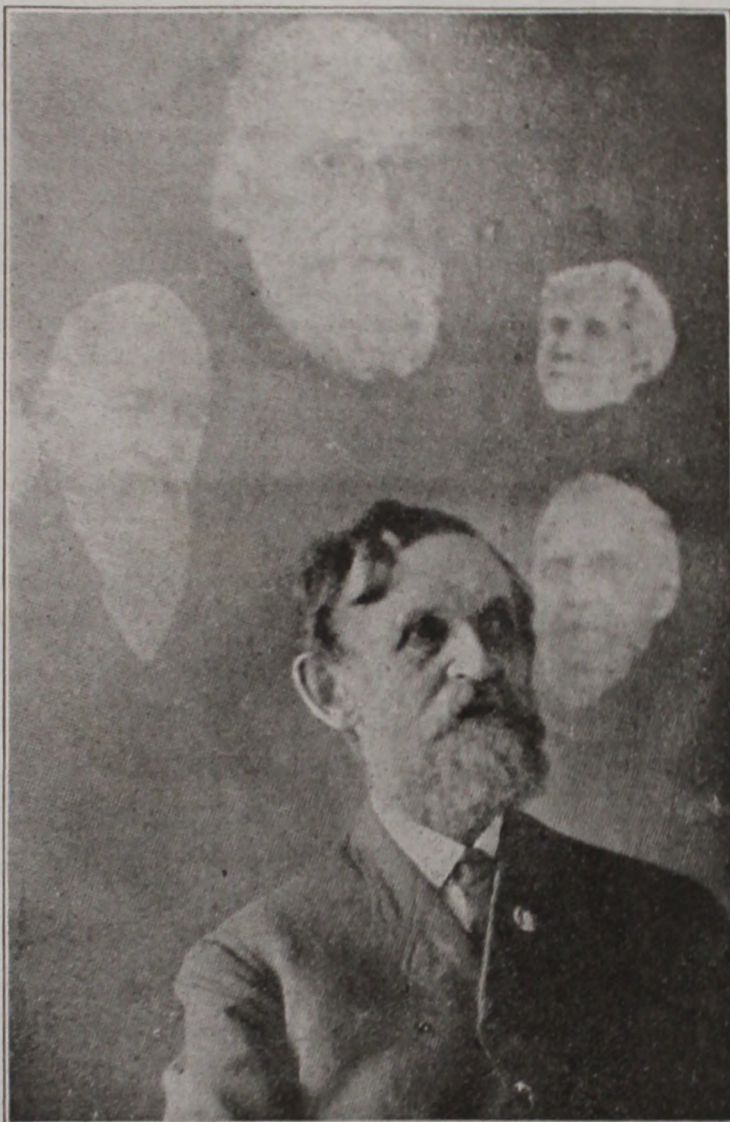
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When he landed he made an examination of the ship and ascertained that a sketch case which was in the front seat had come loose and had fallen down in such a position that it caught the forward stick behind it and held it locked. There was only one way the stick could be removed from behind the case and that was moving it in the path to the right as directed by the unknown voice.

"To My Mother"

This clipping is taken from the Home Circle department of *The Nebraska Farmer*. It evidently was not offered as a psychic experience or as an argument in favor of Spiritualism. Yet here is a man who sees and hears his mother and who realizes that death is only a change. We reproduce this letter because it carries with it a sermon—a good, wholesome, every-day sermon that most mortals would do well to heed:

To Home Circle: I have not written my mother for nearly twenty years, so with your permission I will send a letter through *The Nebraska Farmer*:

"Dear Mother: It is now nearly twenty years since my last letter, for on July 12, 1900, I bade you farewell. I remember the last embrace and when the tears filled my eyes you said, 'Don't cry! It is all right with me. Good bye! God bless you!'"

"Yes, we laid your body to rest in the cemetery; they told me I should never see you again; that I should never hear your voice; it surely made me sad. But it is all a mistake. When I close my eyes at night I see you and hear that kind and loving voice. Yes, and even during the day when I am awake I see you and hear you as the record on memory's photograph and phonograph will not be erased. The best part of it will be preserved for the memory in the bright beyond, and mother's love is surely a part.

"If I had the privilege of bringing you back into that frail body I would not do it; to do so would be selfish. Sufferings and sorrows were heaped upon you while you were with us in the body; now you are free from all sorrow, care, hunger, cold, sickness and death, rejoicing in the realms of eternal bliss and glory. No, I will not even wish you in the body again.

"The kind deeds we can do for mother can still be done, for there are many mothers with us. Just the other day I saw an aged lady, an invalid, accompanied by her daughter. They were preparing to leave on the train. The lady must have been your age when you left us, and the daughter possibly twenty-five; she had two pet dogs with her.

"The aged lady was ordered rather sharply twice to go to the depot and wait while the daughter went to get food for her dogs. I saw the aged lady totter across the street, and with great effort she succeeded in crossing the street while

the daughter was making the dogs stand up for their food. I wonder how human beings can be so thoughtless; why will they neglect the aged and the infant and when too late cover their caskets with flowers and tears? I am glad such impressions have not been placed on my memory's phonograph.

"With fondest love I remain, your affectionate son,

(Signed) "JAMES BRUNKER."

Spirit Music In an English Church

From the *Westminster Gazette*, we take an interesting experience, which the newspaper editor evidently regarded as excellent testimony relative to "haunted houses."

There are many experiences of hearing celestial music.

Years ago, there was a physician in Scotland whose wife had passed into spirit. They had been inseparable companions, and after her passing, his interest in worldly affairs almost ceased. So great was his longing to have her with him that he developed his psychic powers. His friends could not see his wife in spirit, but many times, when a number of persons were calling on him, he would say: "Here is my beloved wife. I wonder if she will play for us this evening?" He would bend his arm as though he were escorting a lady to the piano. This occurred in the full light, either with the artificial lights burning at night, or in the daytime. The piano would play. It was an ordinary piano—not of the player variety. Those present would see the keys depressed. They would not see the form of the spirit who was doing the playing.

With these facts in mind, it is not difficult to realize what occurred in this English church, the facts being disclosed in the following item:

The Woolhope Antiquarian Club held a "field day" in and about the ancient and forlorn parish church of Avenbury, in a remote corner of Herefordshire, recently, and in the church the vicar, the Rev. Arthur Shepherd, told the visitors quite a good "ghost story."

"The church is believed to be haunted," he said. "By some strange unexplained natural cause, or combination of causes, the sound as of a voluntary on an organ, is heard at times to proceed from the church. I have heard it three times.

"As several members of the family of Lieut. Col. Prosser of Bird's Eye, Bromyard, were walking together along the footbridge by the church they all heard, as they thought, the American organ being played and they thought that it was Mr. Harry Prosser practising. They afterward found that neither he nor any one else had been inside the church that day.

"The American organ was afterward sold and the present harmonium was put in its place. One Saturday afternoon, as

I was in the vicarage garden, I heard the harmonium being played, and supposing that the woman who cleaned the church was allowing her child to strum upon it, I hastened to forbid it.

"The music continued all the time I was walking down the meadow, till I came within ten yards of the church-yard. Then it ceased, and I found the church door locked and no one there.

"On another occasion I heard the music as I was driving in Avenbury Lane. It sounded like a voluntary, and continued while the pony trotted about a hundred yards, and ceased when I came opposite to the church on the side of the footpath.

"The most natural explanation could be that the music was merely an echo. But on each of these occasions the sound seemed to proceed from a different part of the church."

* * * *

I am now going to relate a psychic experience of my own that occurred many years ago when I held the exalted position of janitor in a Presbyterian church in Wisconsin.

A series of revival meetings had been arranged, and a minister from a neighboring town had come to assist the local pastor. This was in the depth of Winter—a heavy fall of snow covered the ground. In the low basement of this church, there was a furnace that burned wood. I believe it must have been the original pattern of wood-burning furnaces. It would consume more fuel and give out less heat than any other furnace in the world! In order to keep the church warm these biting January nights, it was necessary to have the fire roaring pretty nearly every one of the twenty-four hours.

As soon as I was finished with my evening meal, I hastened over to the church, which was a little more than a block distant, to add more fuel—so that if the oratory of the pastors did not circulate the blood of the members of the congregation rapidly enough, the thermometer might help them out.

I was about fifteen years of age at this time, and had experienced many interesting things that could be answered only by Spiritualism.

As soon as I entered the church on this particular evening, I knew that something was wrong. I did not hear any voice or see anything. It was simply a knowledge. As I proceeded through the auditorium of the church, I was convinced that something had happened to our pastor, the Rev. Mr. B. I stopped at his study-door and knocked. Receiving no answer, I tried the door-knob, but the door was locked. It rarely was locked unless he was inside. I knocked again and received no response. I then proceeded to the basement and built up the fire. All the while the "creepy" feeling that had come over me was increasing intensely. Returning from the

sement, I again tried to gain admittance to the study, but with no satisfactory result.

On the way back home, I stopped at the parsonage, and Mrs. B. informed me that her husband likely had been summoned to the country for a funeral or a wedding, and she did not feel in the least disturbed.

Returning home, I told my mother that I knew Mr. B. either was dead or in a very serious condition in his study.

I went back to the church shortly thereafter, having to attend to the ringing of the bell and the further feeding of the famished furnace. As the members began to arrive, I picked out the elders of the church and told them of my suspicions. When they found that the study-door was locked, they would proceed no further.

Finally the services started, with the visiting pastor in charge. I never lived a longer two hours in my life! The meeting finally came to a close, and I again pleaded with the church leaders to break down the door. Again they refused, and I told them that I was going to get an axe and do the job myself. Then they consented to investigate. Two of them went outside and placed a plank against the rear of the church. One of them climbed up the plank and could see Mr. B.'s overcoat hanging on a nail. One of them held a heavy mat against the door, and another took a four-foot stick of hardwood and pounded until he had broken the lock.

Mr. B. was lying prone on the floor. They rolled him over and felt his pulse and looked at his eyes. A physician was summoned, and he stated that had another hour passed, Mr. B. would have been done for. As it was, he was ill for many days. He had taken some remedy for a headache, and the depressing action on his heart had proved nearly fatal.

After Mr. B. had recovered, while he was thanking me, he gave me one look of reproach that meant volumes. I have never regarded Mr. B.'s act as involuntary in any sense of the word, but I do know that the time had not arrived for him to depart from the flesh.

Incidentally, I confess that forever thereafter that particular church seemed to be filled with an infinitude of creeps. I had many other psychic experiences in it, and was happy only when I had resigned my position as church janitor.

L. K. JONES.

Was It a Dream?

I will relate the experience as it seemed to me.

I thought I was awakened at night by a touch upon the outside of the bed; looking, I saw our little four-year-old boy, who had passed out a few weeks before, standing by the bedside. I thought that I turned to my husband and said, "Gordon

is here." He reached out for the child, placed him upon the bed, between us, with his face toward us. I realized that he had come from the spirit-world, and my first question was, "How long can you stay?" He did not answer, but putting his arms about my neck, said, "Mamma, I love you." "Are you happy?" I asked. His reply was "Yes." "What do you do there?" I asked. "Oh, we *think* pictures," was his strange reply. (Some time afterward I read this quotation from one of the early religious writers. "The chief employment of the redeemed is *contemplation*.")

Suddenly the child turned to me and said: "Mamma, I want you to go to J. and see cousin M."

"Why?" I asked. His reply was a repetition of the request, spoken more slowly and more emphatically. "*I want you to go to J. and see cousin M.*" Then with a quick dream-like transition he seemed to be flitting about the room, examining with child-like curiosity the articles upon table and mantle. Gradually he passed out of sight.

I awoke—if it was a dream—immediately, with the happy assurance that the child had really been in the room, that I had seen and touched him, that I had heard his voice—and the memory of this experience has been with me as a comfort and a benediction during all the years that have since passed.

For some days I did not think especially of the request the child had made, then I began to wonder if it were possible that my cousin needed me. After a few days more of indecision I wrote to her. This was her reply, practically as she wrote it:

"At the time of which you write you were in my mind continually. I was trying to decide the most important and perplexing question which has ever come into my life and I would have given anything to talk with you, as, next to your father and mother (who had passed on) you were the one to whom I would go for advice, but you had not written to me for so long, you had not been to see me and I was too proud to go to you." At this time I knew nothing whatever of her trouble. Was it a dream?

Quite a different experience came to me some years later. I had been, as my physician afterward said, "to all human knowledge within less than three minutes of death," but at the time, I was fully conscious of everything about me. I saw my husband sitting beside me, I heard and answered his questions intelligently, but I *knew* that my father, mother and our little boy, all of whom had passed on, were in the room, though I could not see them. I seemed to be surrounded by and resting in a silvery, white light, of which I seemed to be a part. I seemed to be lifted above my own body and held there securely and easily. The thought came to me that I ought to tell my hus-

band that they were here, but I hesitated, thinking that he might regard it as "all imagination," but after a time I found courage to say to him, "F—, I can see you and know that you are sitting beside me, but just so surely as you are here, father and mother and little Gordon are here also; I cannot see them, but I *know* that they are here." This was more than ten years ago, before spirit return was as generally talked and written of as it is now. To the best of my knowledge I had then never heard of the "astral body," reference to which we so often see at the present time.

Had I seen these forms with typical wings and white robes, I might afterward have regarded it as a trick of the imagination, but the fact that I knew that they were present and that I recognized them individually, although I could not see them, has thoroughly convinced me that *under favorable conditions* the Borderlands of the earth-world and the spirit-world may meet and overlap, and that in the world to come, *spirit will recognize spirit*.

A. M. G.

Boston, Mass.

* * *

Very often in cases of severe illness, the psychic doors are opened. These experiences come in such a variety of ways, it is difficult to standardize them.

For example, in the first experience related by this lady, she confesses that she is not certain whether this was a dream or an actual experience. It is our belief that it was a vision, that she and her husband very likely were in the astral, and that they had not gone through any physical bodily movements in placing the child in bed. The fact that the message given to the mother by little Gordon had direct and definite bearing on conditions that existed, is certainly strong evidence that the child knew what he was about when he delivered the message.

Mrs. George F. Jennings, of Chicago, relates a similar experience that occurred some years ago. She was lying in bed, wide-awake, when she saw her daughter, Alice, in spirit, come to her, hovering over the bed. She reached up and took Alice by the hands and talked to her. Mr. Jennings also was lying in bed, and his wife kept telling him that Alice was there, and he made every effort to see her, but could not.

This experience lasted for several minutes, and finally Alice said: "Mamma, I shall have to be going now." After Alice had gone, Mrs. Jennings discovered that her arms were fast to her side, and yet she had felt Alice's hands just as naturally as though she had touched a person in the flesh.

The only solution is that Mrs. Jennings was more in the astral than in the physical, and that with her astral hands she had taken hold of Alice.

There is much other testimony that in-

basement, I again tried to gain admittance to the study, but with no satisfactory result.

On the way back home, I stopped at the parsonage, and Mrs. B. informed me that her husband likely had been summoned to the country for a funeral or a wedding, and she did not feel in the least disturbed.

Returning home, I told my mother that I knew Mr. B. either was dead or in a very serious condition in his study.

I went back to the church shortly thereafter, having to attend to the ringing of the bell and the further feeding of the famished furnace. As the members began to arrive, I picked out the elders of the church and told them of my suspicions. When they found that the study-door was locked, they would proceed no further.

Finally the services started, with the visiting pastor in charge. I never lived a longer two hours in my life! The meeting finally came to a close, and I again pleaded with the church leaders to break down the door. Again they refused, and I told them that I was going to get an axe and do the job myself. Then they consented to investigate. Two of them went outside and placed a plank against the rear of the church. One of them climbed up the plank and could see Mr. B.'s overcoat hanging on a nail. One of them held a heavy mat against the door, and another took a four-foot stick of hardwood and pounded until he had broken the lock.

Mr. B. was lying prone on the floor. They rolled him over and felt his pulse and looked at his eyes. A physician was summoned, and he stated that had another hour passed, Mr. B. would have been done for. As it was, he was ill for many days. He had taken some remedy for a headache, and the depressing action on his heart had proved nearly fatal.

After Mr. B. had recovered, while he was thanking me, he gave me one look of reproach that meant volumes. I have never regarded Mr. B.'s act as involuntary in any sense of the word, but I do know that the time had not arrived for him to depart from the flesh.

Incidentally, I confess that forever thereafter that particular church seemed to be filled with an infinitude of creeps. I had many other psychic experiences in it, and was happy only when I had resigned my position as church janitor.

L. K. JONES.

Was It a Dream?

I will relate the experience as it seemed to me.

I thought I was awakened at night by a touch upon the outside of the bed; looking, I saw our little four-year-old boy, who had passed out a few weeks before, standing by the bedside. I thought that I turned to my husband and said, "Gordon

is here." He reached out for the child, placed him upon the bed, between us, with his face toward us. I realized that he had come from the spirit-world, and my first question was, "How long can you stay?" He did not answer, but putting his arms about my neck, said, "Mamma, I love you." "Are you happy?" I asked. His reply was "Yes." "What do you do there?" I asked. "Oh, we *think* pictures," was his strange reply. (Some time afterward I read this quotation from one of the early religious writers. "The chief employment of the redeemed is *contemplation*.")

Suddenly the child turned to me and said: "Mamma, I want you to go to J. and see cousin M."

"Why?" I asked. His reply was a repetition of the request, spoken more slowly and more emphatically. "*I want you to go to J. and see cousin M.*" Then with a quick dream-like transition he seemed to be flitting about the room, examining with child-like curiosity the articles upon table and mantle. Gradually he passed out of sight.

I awoke—if it was a dream—immediately, with the happy assurance that the child had really been in the room, that I had seen and touched him, that I had heard his voice—and the memory of this experience has been with me as a comfort and a benediction during all the years that have since passed.

For some days I did not think especially of the request the child had made, then I began to wonder if it were possible that my cousin needed me. After a few days more of indecision I wrote to her. This was her reply, practically as she wrote it:

"At the time of which you write you were in my mind continually. I was trying to decide the most important and perplexing question which has ever come into my life and I would have given anything to talk with you, as, next to your father and mother (who had passed on) you were the one to whom I would go for advice, but you had not written to me for so long, you had not been to see me and I was too proud to go to you." At this time I knew nothing whatever of her trouble. Was it a dream?

Quite a different experience came to me some years later. I had been, as my physician afterward said, "to all human knowledge within less than three minutes of death," but at the time, I was fully conscious of everything about me. I saw my husband sitting beside me, I heard and answered his questions intelligently, but I *knew* that my father, mother and our little boy, all of whom had passed on, were in the room, though I could not see them. I seemed to be surrounded by and resting in a silvery, white light, of which I seemed to be a part. I seemed to be lifted above my own body and held there securely and easily. The thought came to me that I ought to tell my hus-

band that they were here, but I hesitated, thinking that he might regard it as "all imagination," but after a time I found courage to say to him, "F—, I can see you and know that you are sitting beside me, but just so surely as you are here, father and mother and little Gordon are here also; I cannot see them, but I *know* that they are here." This was more than ten years ago, before spirit return was as generally talked and written of as it is now. To the best of my knowledge I had then never heard of the "astral body," reference to which we so often see at the present time.

Had I seen these forms with typical wings and white robes, I might afterward have regarded it as a trick of the imagination, but the fact that I knew that they were present and that I recognized them individually, although I could not see them, has thoroughly convinced me that *under favorable conditions* the Borderlands of the earth-world and the spirit-world may meet and overlap, and that in the world to come, *spirit will recognize spirit*.

A. M. G.

Boston, Mass.

* * * *

Very often in cases of severe illness, the psychic doors are opened. These experiences come in such a variety of ways, it is difficult to standardize them.

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[illegible]

一、认识：认识是人对客观事物的反映。认识的过程是从感性认识到理性认识，再从理性认识到实践。认识是不断发展的，是无限的。认识对实践有反作用，正确的认识指导实践，错误的认识误导实践。

[illegible]

一、《说文解字》
 二、《康熙字典》
 三、《辞源》
 四、《辞海》
 五、《汉语大字典》
 六、《汉语大词典》
 七、《中华大百科全书》
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 九、《现代汉语词典》
 十、《新华词典》
 十一、《商务印书馆》
 十二、《上海辞书出版社》
 十三、《中华书局》
 十四、《人民教育出版社》
 十五、《生活·读书·新知三联书店》
 十六、《北京人民文学出版社》
 十七、《浙江人民出版社》
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一、**研究目的**
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 三、**研究内容**
 四、**研究方法**
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The university of the Pacific
 is a private institution of higher
 learning, founded in 1863, and
 is now one of the largest and
 most influential universities in
 the United States.

Where we are going is made of our knowledge, and it is only through the use of our hands, we can only gain the feeling that is truly and truly required. We must call upon them with faith. We must open our hearts and we must be ready to give.

Very truly yours,
 Mary Ellen

overcome fatigue. Not only should the body be relaxed, but the mind should be open to the thought, to the knowledge, that in spirit there is an endless source of energy at our command.

During our sleep, the poisons of fatigue are removed from the tissues. If we have a restful sleep, these poisons may be removed in three or four hours, or even in less time, and then we are ready for another day's work. If our sleep is not restful, even ten hours may not remove these poisons.

If men and women would practice at intervals during the day—if it is possible for them to secure a rest of a few minutes perhaps three or four times each day—they would recharge their batteries and be less weary at the end of the day's work.

Ill health is largely a product of misunderstanding. We perpetuate, during the course of our earth-lives, the errors of living. We keep ourselves closed up tight as though we were afraid of the sunshine and air and of the boundless supply of energy upon which we are permitted to draw when we know how. Learning how is largely a matter of practice.

When we permit ourselves to become very ill, we can not expect to recover immediately. Instead of waiting until we are run down physically, we should make the effort to call upon these healing forces several times a day, and place our bodies and our minds in a state of receptivity. It will not require many days of such practice before we will begin to feel the benefits of these brief rest-and-energy-absorbing periods.

This does not signify that we should ignore the material aids that will help us, such as breathing deeply and eating foods that are good for us and that agree with us. We must not expect to abuse nature and then have nature respond beneficially. Doing the things that will bring new energy and new health to us can become just as much a matter of practice as the performance of the other duties to which we attend almost automatically. Opening the doors, physically and mentally, is a common benefit through which all may attract assistance.

Edward VIII Reappears

The following clipping is from *The Dayton (Ohio) Journal*. We have the word of Dr. Watson (known throughout the world as the famous character in the Sherlock Holmes stories) that "Edward Guelph" frequently attended seances in England and did not question Spiritualism in the least. The foremost men in England, Dr. Watson assures us, are Spiritualists. He says that this applies to Europe generally. The clipping follows:

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"Well," exclaimed the duke, "that may be either my brother or the premier."

The Prince of Wales is generally called David in the family circle, that being one of his many names.

Saw Faces in the Clouds

This morning, says *The Kansas City Star*, as I left my home for business at the usual early hour of 5 o'clock the sun was rising. As I walked along, glancing towards the north I noticed dark clouds hovering to and fro. I stopped and gazed into the far-reaching horizon and as I watched the curling movements, a very dark cloud shaped itself into two perfect faces outlined with a silvery lining one above the other. The higher figure shaped into a perfect face of Theodore Roosevelt and immediately underneath the face of Senator Harding appeared. In order that my eyes did not deceive me, I looked up and down the street to find one person to witness it and found none, the hour so early in the morning no one at hand. I looked again and the face of Roosevelt slowly disappeared, like smoke, leaving the perfect head of Senator Harding, surrounded with that silvery lining complete. Slowly that cloud gradually disappeared as if it bowed with smiles and gratitude that he had been chosen to lead us on to perfect peace.

(Signed) T. A. MOSELEY.
721 Minnesota Avenue.

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Signs of "The Last Days"

Let us now turn to the Scriptures, and see what is said about the "last days" of materialism—the days immediately preceding the coming of the psychic age, in which the Teachings of Christ are to be given to the world. This presumably is the era described in Revelation as the Millennium.

The seventeenth verse of the second chapter of Acts says:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

Instances coming before our attention which prove that young men are seeing visions and old men are dreaming dreams, are numerous. They are increasing. Many persons are not inclined to tell others about such experiences, but they are plentiful; their number is growing.

The psychic experiences which are placed before us each month, are few in number compared with those which have become the common property of humanity. Many persons who read these experiences in COMMUNICATION could tell others quite as remarkable—and some could relate experiences even more startling. They do not wish to have the fingers of scorn pointed at them. They prefer to keep their dreams and their visions to themselves.

We are living in an unusual time—in a period during which happenings come to the attention of the world, that would have been regarded as entirely outside the realms of reason had they occurred a few years ago. Within our memory, there were few persons who had visions or dreams of portent. Now psychic experiences are ordinary. Each day, their number appears to increase. Can we say that this is circumstance only? We believe not. It is not coincidence, and it is not due to any growing tendency on the part of mortals to tell about their strange experiences. The truth is, these visions and other psychic experiences are becoming so numerous, the small part of them told may be regarded as an overflow. They are too numerous for all persons to hold to themselves.

Watch the newspapers and you will find many instances that fortify this statement.

If the murderer knew that some one—perhaps many—in spirit, was witnessing his foul act, he would think it over—and then commit no murder at all.

Spirits do not spy on us. They are near us to help save us from our own folly, and they can save us if we do not become so strong-tempered that we refuse assistance.

To think wrong, with the intent of plotting, is equivalent to doing wrong. To think wrong casually, may lead to the other kind of thinking. It is well to train one's thoughts.

One good way to show your appreciation for getting more than was advertised, and better than advertised, is to help the good work. We feel that COMMUNICATION has hit a high standard, and that it merits just a little extra effort on the part of our friends to get subscribers for this magazine.

overcome fatigue. Not only should the body be relaxed, but the mind should be open to the thought, to the knowledge, that in spirit there is an endless source of energy at our command.

During our sleep, the poisons of fatigue are removed from the tissues. If we have a restful sleep, these poisons may be removed in three or four hours, or even in less time, and then we are ready for another day's work. If our sleep is not restful, even ten hours may not remove these poisons.

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Press Comments and Criticisms

Religious Belief Increasing

An interesting editorial, copyrighted by *The Star Company*, appeared in *The Chicago American*, July 7, under the caption: "Religious Belief Is Increasing, at Least Outwardly." The subhead states, "Jefferson, Even Washington, Would Shock the Deeply Religious of Today."

Some reader of the Hearst papers made the statement that people would be better off and have fewer problems if they could go back to the deep religious belief of the fathers of our country.

Mr. Brisbane takes issue with this statement. He thinks it would do them good to go back and get the facts.

He calls attention to the fact that not long ago, two Chicago schoolboys were dismissed because they declared themselves atheists. This, Mr. Brisbane thinks, is the wrong course. He cites the instance as evidence that there is at least more religious display today than there was in the colonial era.

He says, "Today every political convention, big or little, is scrupulously careful about having prayer at the beginning of each session. To make sure that they do not go astray, the big Republican and Democratic conventions make it a point to have prayers by a Catholic, a Protestant and a Jew. They may later include Christian Science to cover the field as it exists now in the United States."

Benjamin Franklin is quoted as saying, relative to the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, "The convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary."

Another case is cited relative to the treaty with Tripoli when George Washington was President. Tripoli was under Mohammedan rule, and Mohammedans would not enter into agreements with Christians. The following statement, which Mr. Brisbane thinks was written by Thomas Jefferson and signed by George Washington, was sent to the ruler of the Barbary State: "The Government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion."

Another President of the United States wrote: "I consider the government of the United States as interdicted by the Constitution from intermeddling with religious institutions, their doctrines, disciplines or exercises. Civil powers alone have been given to the President of the United States."

He also quoted the beginning of the first Constitutional amendment:

"Congress shall make no law respecting

an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Mr. Brisbane states that you will find that the name of God does not occur in the Constitution of this country.

He also quotes Thomas Jefferson, who wrote: "Opinion is something over which government has nothing to do. It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. It is an error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself."

Mr. Brisbane ends his editorial by stating that we must not come to the conclusion that Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, or even Thomas Paine, were atheists, but that they were men of open minds and did not propose to shut out the claims of different religions.

It may be that the world is more religiously inclined than it was in the days of the Colonists. The United States was founded very largely for the purpose of exercising freedom of religious thought. Many of the original Colonists came from different countries of Europe to escape religious persecution, and for a considerable period there was sure to be a disposition to exercise no dictatorship over the religious views of individuals.

This does not prove that the world is more religious today, for the reason that the term religion may be defined in a variety of ways. There was a long period when it meant church membership, and this was equivalent to compliance with custom. There was a period also when it meant a literal translation and interpretation of many obscure Scriptural passages.

Today, in Spain, all forms of labor are prohibited on Sunday. No newspaper is published. No work is done except that which is vitally necessary.

To many persons, religion implies fanaticism. And there are many well-meaning persons who believe that they can be religious only by condemning those of different views. There are others who believe that they can prove their religion only by excessive tolerance which prompts them to agree with the views of everybody else. Other persons see in religion the right and the privilege of investigating for themselves and determining for themselves.

It is a point open to debate whether a person is really religious who refuses to accept responsibility.

There are many persons who believe that Spiritualists are irreligious because they meddle with the unknown. They for-

get that there is a difference between the unknown and the unknowable.

In one respect, the world is more religious today than it has been. The minds of people have been better prepared to accept the greater truths of religion. The progress of invention and science has been so pronounced that individuals are not inclined so much as they were to label unknown things as impossible. Millions of persons have had the opportunity in the past generation to learn more about the workings of natural law. They have found that very little was known about natural law. The more they learn about this interesting subject, the more inclined they are to associate natural law with God.

The success of Christian Science proves this upward trend of human thought and searching. Its success demonstrates the fact that humanity is seeking to make something concrete of religion.

The vast amount of faith that is not fortified by knowledge, is likely to be just as dangerous as considerable learning without faith. The first condition leads people into fanaticism, and the second condition leads them into revolution. There is little choice between the two, because both are out of the zone of normality. The world is more inclined to study the operations of God's law, and to have greater faith in God because of that knowledge.

We should not fall into the habit of thinking that religion is a fixed quantity, and that we can judge religious inclinations of individuals or of a community according to standards that have been fixed and that can not change.

Any conception of the life to come, and of the relationship of our actions and thoughts in this life to the future state of existence, must still fall short of the facts themselves. No matter how much we progress or how far we go in our development here or hereafter, we shall find much to learn. As we learn, we shall revise many of our former views. Perfect knowledge belongs to God alone. We work toward it, but do not reach it. We have not the capacity to comprehend all of the facts.

The religious standards of a hundred years ago are not necessarily the religious standards of today. The Scriptures are interpreted differently. New interpretations will come in the future. As the world searches for knowledge and wishes to make religion practicable, the world may be said to be progressing in a religious sense. Viewed in this light, the world is more religious today than it was

in times past. It still has ample room for improvement.

Superstition undermines religious thought. So long as there is superstition, the world gropes in its religious searching.

We do not wish to say that Spiritualism has robbed religion of superstition. We believe that it has introduced some superstitions of its own, and that there is danger from this inclination to make a fetish of Spiritualism and to reduce it to a set of symbols, signs and omens. The thoughtful student will not say that Spiritualism is delivering the world from superstition. He can say that Spiritualism is assisting men and women to do more thinking about natural law, about cause and effect, about the reality of the law of compensation, and the law of attraction.

In the ranks of Spiritualists, however, we find many hangovers of Greek mythology and of the folklore of different countries. There is still a great deal that is legendary in Spiritualism. There is an ever-present danger that Spiritualists will become addicts to forms and superstitious practices. This is because humanity has inclined always toward the acceptance of that which is governed by rote.

The first inclination of the person who becomes converted to a religion, and especially to a new religion, is to say, "Behold, I have found the only true religion. All others are counterfeits." He then proceeds to construct a number of mental pigeon-holes in each of which he places his articles of faith, and loses little time in reducing this faith to forms, symbols, talismen and the other voodoo elements that have hindered and handicapped religious thought since man's first appearance on earth.

Those on the spirit-side of life, in communicating, tell us that they are learning and must continue to learn if they wish to progress. They find that they were mistaken in many of their views while on earth, and they discover that they still harbor some mistakes in spirit. In their communications, some of them give evidence that they are still governed to a considerable degree by superstition. They are not as superstitious as they were on earth, because they have passed through the transition, and with the realization that death does not exist in fact, there would naturally come a more optimistic outlook as to the future.

The moment any person settles down upon the declaration that he knows all there is to know about religion, that moment the brain of that individual has atrophied. It ceases to function properly as an organ of thought.

Whenever Spiritualism is used as an agency of fear or of threats, it sinks to the level of the swamp religions of the Africans. The moment any individual presumes to that point where he or she

begins to deal out threats of punishment and misfortune to others, that individual ceases to be an advocate of religion and becomes an apostle of fear and superstition.

These are facts which every Spiritualist should consider. They are important. They are more than important; they are vital. Until mankind has overcome these voodoo practices of thought, there can be no religious progress. Some individuals have overcome these inherent, debasing, human fears; but the great majority of mankind has not overcome them. They are just as reprehensible in one religion as in another. They are more reprehensible in a religion claiming to stand for progress and enlightenment than they are in a religion claiming only to adhere to its earliest doctrines.

Spiritualists have no right to attempt to lord it over the rest of humanity. If they do so, it is through ignorance. It is because they are not studying, they are not learning the truth.

There is not a human being who understands all of the facts. The most progressive, the most brilliant, the most intellectual are still groping in the dark. Every advantage is found in the guidance of a few rays of the light of truth that have come to them. These are rays shining through the darkness. There is a great gulf to be bridged before the individual can come into the full light of truth. Then there can be no more darkness.

The moment any person arrives at that point where he or she believes that the greatest part of knowledge has been gained, that moment does that person stop progressing. There are thousands of Spiritualists who are satisfied within themselves that they have mastered the facts, and they are proceeding to preach doctrines of the rankest voodooism and the deepest superstition. So long as that kind of missionary work is done, Spiritualists have no right to condemn the race of mankind or to criticize others for refusing to become Spiritualists. So long as any Spiritualist will stoop to intrigue and plot and seek mastery through material means, that long will Spiritualism remain on the same dead-level that is occupied by the other religions that are noted for standing still.

Instead of indulging in mutual admiration, instead of claiming that they have superior intellects and deeper and broader understanding, Spiritualists should continue to seek and learn.

There are uninformed mediums who are preaching doctrines that would disgrace the intelligence of aborigines. There are Spiritualists who are declaring solemnly that they believe in conditions which, if those conditions were true, would make the outlook for the future most unpromising and dismal.

Spiritualists should bear these facts in

mind. They should hesitate before they give voice to statements that can produce nothing besides the perpetuation of fear and superstition.

There are Spiritualists who talk freely about "elementals," which are supposed to be spirits of no particular shape who may become animals or may become men. This is a most damnable doctrine—and if anything on earth, or in the spheres beyond the earth, could voice a lack of trust in the Creator, it is a view like that.

There are many Spiritualists, who would have done better to study the forces and the conditions of seances, who are free and lavish in their claims that most of the communications are impersonations. If that claim could be established as a fact, then the world has a right to say that Spiritualism is dangerous and degrading.

These doctrines and these statements are being disseminated more widely and more freely than the truth itself. So long as that condition exists, Spiritualism can not grow. Until Spiritualists have made up their minds to become students, until they reach that point where they do not condemn the facts that are discovered outside their own circles, there can be no unity and no progress.

Spiritualism today does not represent a coherent, organized religion. It is an unorganized convention of as many religions as there are individual Spiritualists. Therefore, it is recommended to Spiritualists that they ask themselves if the world is more truly religious today than it was in the time of George Washington. Let us learn about the conditions and facts that constitute religion. We are only children in the first grade of school, and yet as a body we are claiming to be post-graduates in the wisdom of the ages and in the knowledge which is of God.

The Hyslop Controversy

The Hearst Sunday supplement of July 11 contained an interesting story headed, "Will Prof. Hyslop's 'Ghost' Reveal the Secret of the Letter in the Safe?" The subhead states: "How the Whole Spiritualistic World Is Waiting for the Message from Behind the Grave Which He Faithfully Promised to Send."

The first paragraph of this article reads as follows:

"Somewhere in New York, in a carefully locked steel safe, is a letter. What is written on that jealously concealed and guarded bit of paper no living being knows. That letter was written, sealed and locked by Professor James Hervey Hyslop, one of the greatest scientific investigators of psychic phenomena that the world has known. Professor Hyslop died on June 17, 1920, at Upper Montclair, N. J., without having revealed the safe's whereabouts."

According to this story, William James, Richard Hodgson and Hugo Münsterberg, like Dr. Hyatt, promised to bring back some word of absolute identification.

Dr. Hyatt, it appears, had concealed a letter, the contents of which were not known to any other mortal. A chance remark led some of his friends to believe that this letter is concealed somewhere in a safe or a safety deposit box. There is no evidence of the location of this mysterious letter. It is believed that besides this letter, there are others that were written by Professor James and Professor Münsterberg.

The only person in this world who could know about the location of the letter, the article states, is Dr. Walter F. Prince, acting director of research of the American Society for Psychical Research, and he disclaims all knowledge of the location of the Hyatt letter or any of the others.

It appears that word has come to a number of mediums that Dr. Hyatt has communicated through their forces.

The first of these messages was received by a medium in New York City almost immediately following Dr. Hyatt's passing and several hours before his death became generally known. This message stated that Dr. Hyatt reached the spirit-world in a very weak condition, and that he had been mistreated by Prof. James. Through another medium came a series of communications stating that Dr. Hyatt had entered spirit strong and vigorous.

These messages are presented as being contradictory. As a matter of fact, they may be contradictory only because different persons in spirit who had seen Dr. Hyatt after his passing had different views of his condition.

Following is a statement coming through Louis Benjamin, a medium of Toronto, Canada:

"There is a prominent man among us who arrived only a few days ago. He is Dr. James Henry Hyatt and desires to give a message to his friends. He requests that his friends at earth publish it for him.

"I, James Henry Hyatt, am sending you a short communication from the spirit world, where I find myself functioning as an entity, a person, an individual, one who has retained sufficient physical reflex characteristics to be aware that material is a fact, and that the continuity of individual existence is as true as the fact that he was first in a physical world and now known as James Henry Hyatt."

The message also said that Dr. Hyatt did not have a correct form of consciousness during the transition and expected to suffer in the process of death. The message also is said to state that Dr. Hyatt is being cared for by all friends

that believe in the survival of their names. This has been regarded as somewhat unusual even from the viewpoint of privacy, especially as mention of the names would have been regarded as important.

This message, through Mr. Benjamin's mediumship, also stated that there was an organization of scientists, psychologists, philosophers and teachers in spirit, and that Sir William Crookes, the famous English scientist, has been very busy perfecting a machine that will record thought waves from spirit, which may be easily read by mortals. This secret will be revealed to some living inventor, but by what method was not made clear.

It would have been quite in keeping with the trend of the Society for Psychical Research to have devised such a test as that named in this article. In our respect, a test of this kind would be very excellent. From another viewpoint, it would have little value.

First of all, its value would depend on the completion of the remarkable test. That would be very impressive to many persons. But opposing this merit would be the question as to whether the revelation of the contents of this letter had really come from spirit, or could be traced to some extraordinary power on the part of the medium. Even if such information came through a medium, it is not likely that it would come through a medium whose forces had been built up for communication. Both a test might come through somebody like John Slater, whose mediumship has been developed for the purpose of meeting tests. If the letter can not be located, the value of a test of this kind never would be known. If it is located, there are many persons who would attribute the claim that some person may have had access to the letter and become acquainted with its contents.

Viewing this test in its true light in spirit, Dr. Hyatt might feel less concerned about the value of such a test. It is doubtful if this sort of evidence would constitute the best kind of proof.

Thousands of Spiritualists know that their loved ones have come through from the other side and have referred to facts that were not in their minds, that had not been in their minds for years, and that even require considerable thinking to bring them out of their memories. There are numerous instances (perhaps these instances would reach into the thousands) where mortals learn from persons in spirit without knowing that they had passed through the change. Friends and relations become separated. Some of them say die, and yet this fact is unknown to the survivors. Without any previous knowledge that their friends or loved ones had passed through the change, these individuals would come from spirit

and announce themselves, very often telling when and where they passed on.

This is far more convincing than evoking facts and repeating the contents of a letter, because the letter constitutes a record which may be accessible to others. There are many cases of psychical effects are far more convincing than the revelation of facts that belong to the past. Many tests are given that tell of things that are happening at a considerable distance at the time the message is delivered. To the thoughtful person, such instances would be more convincing than the divulging of the contents of a letter.

There is another point against the sort of evidence that Dr. Hyatt provided. Many on the other side might be able to reveal the contents of that letter. That would not prove that the communicating intelligence belonged to Dr. Hyatt. Very often loved ones, in communicating in a seance-room, will refer to letters that are in the pockets of sitters and tell them precisely what those letters contain. If this could be done, then surely there are many on the other side who could come through with the facts of Dr. Hyatt's letter if they chose. There are many tests just as convincing as the one that is commencing to attract newspaper publicity, and there are some that are far more convincing.

The Hearst papers are wrong when they say that the spiritualistic world is waiting breathlessly for this test. As a matter of fact, few Spiritualists are paying much attention to it. To them it carries far less weight than many proofs that have come to their observation. A matter of this kind carries with it the possibility of considerable sensation. It will receive newspaper attention, which more important facts pertaining to Spiritualism would have no newspaper consideration.

We would say that the chances are better that we to see that the contents of that letter will never be revealed. Even if Dr. Hyatt comes and discloses the contents of that letter, it would not be as valuable a testimony to Spiritualism as many other statements that the noted psychologist could make from the spirit side.

Dr. Gairdner's Spiritual Upheaval

The following is taken from *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

Declaring that "the history of Spiritualism is anything but a worthy history," and expressing regret "that such a man as Sir Oliver Lodge has given encouragement to a system that is inherently a delusion and a snare," Rev. Dr. W. H. Gairdner, at the Third Baptist Church last night in a sermon on "Heads," referred to the question of communication with the dead, brought into recent prominence by the visit of Sir Oliver Lodge to the United States.

"The claims of Spiritualism for our

munication with departed spirits is one long story of chicanery, fraud, sophistry—to say nothing of the distressingly questionable character of many of its devotees," Dr. Geistweit said.

"The whole thing," he said, "is shot through with falsehood. It takes the tenderest emotions of the soul and traffics with them. It touches human life in its moments of deep sorrow and leads many astray. Once you get tangled up with it you are made helpless. To suppose that the chasm between the living and the dead can be bridged by a seance, by a ouija board, is a travesty on human existence, and an insult to God who made us."

Continuing, Dr. Geistweit said, in part:

"For some good reason, grounded in human nature, God has seen fit to hide the other life from us. We cannot bridge the chasm. The plane of life on which the departed spirits live is not the plane upon which we live our physical lives. Seven-eighths of the claimed messages from the other world are utterly false, arising in the minds of those who claim to receive them; what is mysterious can be explained through telepathy. And where one message has even the semblance of sanity, a thousand messages are the veriest nonsense. If the messages that are said to come from the other land are an indication of the intelligence of the inhabitants, one is bound to come to the conclusion that some of the brightest minds have lost their sanity."

"But Christian people should note what their Bible says on this subject. There was something frightful and immoral in the ancient Spiritualism business that brought out some vigorous condemnation. Listen to these: 'Turn ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor unto the wizards; seek them not out, to be defiled by them; I am Jehovah your God.' 'And the soul that turneth into them that have familiar spirits, and unto the wizards, to play the harlot after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people.' 'When thou art come into the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of these nations. There shall not be found with thee anyone that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, one that useth divination, one that practiceth augury, or an enchanter, or a sorcerer, or a charmer, or a consulter with a familiar spirit, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For whosoever doeth these things is an abomination unto Jehovah; and because of these abominations Jehovah thy God doth drive them out from before thee.'

"So Saul died for his transgressions which he committed against Jehovah, because of the word of Jehovah which he kept not; and also for that he asked counsel of one that had a familiar spirit,

to inquire thereby, and inquired not Jehovah; therefore he slew him.

"And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto the wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? On behalf of the living should they seek unto the dead? To the law and to the testimony.

"These are drastic words, but right-minded people should heed them. The whole ancient world was rotten to the core by the iniquity which is here condemned. Of one thing we may be sure: that anything in the way of religion that calls for dark rooms, mysterious cabinets, strange lights, peculiar rappings, ouija boards and planchettes—and what not, is not of God. The Gospel of the Son of God is an open, above-board, sunlight teaching; its call is not to the mysterious, but to a faith that issues in right living. It calls for no strange, esoteric philosophy, no occultism, no affinities that destroy the very foundations of human society."

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We understand that the former Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Dr. Williamson, is now a Spiritualist minister, which probably accounts for the Rev. Geistweit's tantrum.

Rev. Geistweit makes a misstatement when he says that the history of Spiritualism is anything but a worthy history. He is wrong when he says that the claims of Spiritualism for communication with departed spirits is one long story of chicanery, fraud and sophistry. He is offering no argument when he says that many of the devotees of Spiritualism are of questionable character, because that is an argument that can be applied to the human race in general. Dr. Geistweit is also wrong when he says that Spiritualism traffics on the tenderest emotions of the soul.

The growth of Spiritualism in the United States has been steady for the past seventy-two years. It can not be traced to the war. This interest was increasing rapidly before the world-war, and had gained nation-wide prominence before America had suffered a loss on the battlefields of Europe.

Dr. Geistweit is wrong also when he states that it is apparent that if all communications were to be believed, many who have passed to the other side have lost their minds. And he is presuming a great deal when he says that Spiritualism is an insult to God. Nothing which operates in harmony with God's Own Law could be an insult to God. Only through that law is communication possible.

There was a time when steam was unknown. There was a time when electricity was unknown. People do not continue to live according to the slower and lower standards of many generations ago. They

progress. As they prepare themselves for better things, those better things come.

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When Saul was sore distressed, he went to the medium at Endor. He went with a lie in his heart, pretending to be somebody else. Samuel told Saul that he had disobeyed God, had earned punishment and therefore would receive punishment. Samuel was not above coming through a medium to communicate with Saul—was not above coming to one to give guidance. Saul would have dealt severely with any of his subjects had they done the same thing, because Saul and the other rulers did not wish to have information coming through promiscuously from the spirit-world. Such information would have looked bad for them.

The Rev. Dr. Geistweit is a poorly informed individual, who is making many wild statements without the facts to fortify him. We suspect that he is trying to belittle his predecessor. Such tactics do not constitute argument. They do not furnish the weight of valuable testimony. They are nothing less than an effort at vituperation. They seek to belittle by advancing unsupported statements. Every statement that Mr. Geistweit has made, is a statement not backed up by fact.

Of what value is logic so long as the premise itself is wrong? All points of an argument might correspond beautifully, but if the fundamental assertion is incorrect, the entire fabric is valueless.

The Rev. Mr. Geistweit has no right to wave aside the overwhelming testimony in favor of Spiritualism. He would have just as much right to say that the airplane and wireless telegraphy are false, because the Bible warns against them. If Mr. Geistweit really is a Bible student, it would be an excellent idea if he were to study the Bible and separate the teachings from the Jewish history and the Mosaic law. There is a great deal of difference between the law of the ancient Jews and the teachings from the spirit-side.

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Mr. Geistweit would have just as much right to take the statutes of any country and attempt to prove by them that Spiritualism is false. If he worships Jehovah, why does he not put up an idol of Jehovah in his church? If he wishes to worship Jupiter, why does he not have an idol constructed so that his congregation will know precisely what he worships?

Such sorry attempts at disproving Spiritualism should succeed in making more converts for it. The Rev. Mr. Geistweit can accomplish nothing through anger. The above report on his sermon indicates very much anger, but a deplorable dearth of argument.

Bob Schilling on the Ouija

Robert Schilling of Milwaukee, known throughout the world for a generation as a labor leader, is an ardent Spiritualist and has been most of his life. His many friends call him "Bob." Feeling that we are among his many friends, we take the same liberty.

Following is an extract from *The Milwaukee Leader*, giving Mr. Schilling's views relative to the ordinary ouija:

"Would any self-respecting spirit communicate intelligently with persons who sit over a ouija board bedecked with farcical figures, and ask foolish questions?" was the challenge of Robert Schilling, local Spiritualist, speaking in Benton hall, 611 Concordia Ave., Sunday night, in his answer to the attacks of enemies of Schilling's belief that one can communicate with spirits through the aid of the board.

In speaking of Prof. Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin, who has attacked the use of the ouija board, Schilling stated that Jastrow knows nothing about its use and that he is only posted on the abuse of the board.

"Spirits are human beings out of the body," said Mr. Schilling. "In communicating with them, one should do so seriously and intelligently. But many who do not understand the philosophy of Spiritualism consider the board a toy and in its use resort to all sorts of nonsensical questions.

"If one desires to communicate with another person and tries to get information by practicing nonsense, he is likely to get foolish answers.

"Many ouija boards on the market are decorated with pictures of witches, owls, black cats, etc. Would any self-respecting person give information to those who try to get it through such means? Neither would a self-respecting spirit.

"Such practices repel honest, reliable spirits and attract practical jokers."

Schilling admits that there are fake mediums, but asserts that because they exist is no reason why men like Prof. Jastrow should charge that all mediums

are fakirs just because he is still a "green-horn" in the study of Spiritualism.

Schilling further charged that embryo investigators have allowed themselves to be fooled by shallow swindlers and have taken it as a matter of course that all Spiritualists are the same.

It was through his efforts that a dozen fake mediums who fairly "bled" unsuspecting persons, were exposed and forced to leave town.

* * *

There is no question that the outlandish decorations on ouija boards are insults to any self-respecting individual, whether he be in the flesh or in spirit. There also is no doubt that many persons who have started to investigate Spiritualism, with no knowledge of it, have been unable to distinguish between the true and the false. Education alone will insure a high standard for Spiritualism or for anything else. Understanding why the phenomena occur, or at least the nature of these manifestations, and knowing something about the great law governing communication, constitute essential steps in the study of this subject.

Last March, Mr. Schilling wrote to Mr. Rinn of New York, accepting his challenge on behalf of a Milwaukee medium. Mr. Schilling is an ardent worker and a great help to the cause.

A Medium Finds Boy's Body

The following clipping is taken from a recent issue of *The Chicago Tribune*, one of the newspapers that has missed very few opportunities to attack Spiritualism. Several items favoring Spiritualism have recently appeared in *The Tribune*, and it is to be hoped that its editors realize that it is unfair to consider every person a liar or an idiot who would believe in and advocate Spiritualism. The item follows:

Champaign, Ill.—The board of supervisors of Champaign county has allowed a claim of \$50 for the services of a clairvoyant in locating the body of Raymond Geske, a boy who was drowned six weeks ago. The body was found several days after the drowning occurred. The mother of the boy, who lived at Sadorus, in this county, asked that a Decatur clairvoyant be consulted. According to Supervisor Clarence Holl, representing Sadorus township, he and three other men of his neighborhood visited the clairvoyant and received information which led them to the body. The body was found within two feet of where the medium had designated.

A London Priest Explodes

The following item is taken from *The Pathfinder*, and shows that the priesthood of England has a number of zealots the same as the priesthood of America.

"Piffle," "dribble" and "fraud" are

terms which Father Bernard Vaughan, of London, applied to the experiences of people who profess to have been in communication with spirits of the departed world. "As an English patriot I denounce with all the vehemence of my soul the frauds, the freaks, and the fiends who shelter themselves from the true light in the black holes of occultism," he said. "Silly, stupid people who do not stand upon their own feet or think with their own minds argue that if Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are the devoted advocates of Spiritualism and make it their proud boast that they can introduce their clients to the spirit world there must be something in it." Of course there is something in it, said Father Vaughan, just as there is something in a dose of cocaine or an injection of morphia. A law should be passed, he declared, forcing Spiritualists to build their own asylums; "it is not fair to ask the public to pay rates for people who shut their eyes and open a door which they cannot close."

* * *

There is no argument in statements like the above. There is nothing but design and insult, and any person who would accept such slanderous statements as arguments would be of no particular assistance to Spiritualism or to any other cause.

Somebody said, "You can not indict a nation." It is beyond reason to expect that any individual, or group of individuals, should have the right to pass judgment on several million of their fellow-beings. Such attacks are stupid. They must reflect on the intelligence of the person making them. Where there is so much vituperation as that which is expressed above, there can not be sane, well-balanced reason. Calling names never has, and never will, prove anything.

This From Another College Professor

The following is from *The Boston Post*: "Ask them something that nobody knows," is the test recommended by the Rev. Dr. E. L. Eaton of the University of Minnesota, as a means of determining whether a medium is communicating with spirits. Dr. Eaton spoke on the subject of communicating with the dead at a meeting in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. yesterday afternoon. It could not be proved, he asserted, that communication with the dead was an impossibility, but he said that such communication had never been demonstrated. He held up a copy of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond," before his audience and characterized it as costing \$3 and as "worth 30 cents of any man's money."

This very learned professor advocates that, as a test, the spirit-world be asked something that humanity does not know.

The spirit-world is telling humanity many things that it does not know.

We should be very glad to put this professor in touch with reputable persons in Milwaukee who will attest to the fact that a few days after the great world-war began, a medium in Milwaukee delivered a message to her audience telling about the coming conflict and stating that Germany would be defeated and later would become a republic. This was something that the most learned statesmen in the world did not know. This statement was published in one of the Milwaukee papers. It is a matter of record.

Most college professors are individuals who have learned certain things, and none of them too well. Like phonographs, they continue to repeat that which they have heard. They go through life repeating the same statements numberless times. And if there is any process that would tend to stop a person's power of original thinking and searching, it is this phonographic process.

This is not an indictment of teachers, because the average teacher receives no publicity and regards his or her work as a simple duty. The college professor goes through epidemics of being recognized in the public prints, and this tends to make him self-centered and self-satisfied.

Ex-Judge Rutherford Answered

The "Russellites," who are a sort of infringement on the Seventh Day Adventists, are making a serious attempt to flourish under the guidance of Ex-Judge J. F. Rutherford.

The following item from *The Camden (N. J.) Daily Courier* throws some interesting lights upon the sorry attempt of the Ex-Judge to "show up" Spiritualism:

"A self-called prophet who disturbed the Sabbath atmosphere by claiming greater power of foresight than Christ himself" is the way Dr. Wilson G. Bailey, a physician and psychic of Camden, characterized Ex-Judge J. F. Rutherford, "Russellite," who lectured in the Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon.

"Ex-Judge Rutherford," said Dr. Bailey, "is a poor judge of human credulity for after advertising that he would lecture on Spiritualism he spent most of his time in ridiculing the things agreed upon by all Christian people in abusing the clergy, and telling when, to the very year, that Christ will return to earth and rejuvenate all then alive and allow them to live here forever after. In other words, he treated his audience as if they were a lot of simpletons, but to their credit many left the place while others remained to express their indignation or jeer at the wild vaporings of the lecturer.

"The Ex-Judge settled everything. He disposed of the intermediate state, or purgatory, believed in by the Catholic

Church and some other communions, and said we would all be dead, very dead, until the great resurrection. In short, he swept away as unworthy of belief the Scriptural story of Christ's resurrection immediately after his crucifixion.

"Spiritualists know that the intermediate state, or purgatory of the Catholic Church, is a fact—that it is the first stage after death. This stage is known to Spiritualists as the earth-bound stage, or first sphere. Here the spirits of those just departed linger in contemplation of their recent earthly experiences. For some reason known only to God they linger here for a while and even seem to want to stay here. But Spiritualists know that this is only the first step in spiritual progress after death. Spiritualists also know that the prayers of those still in the flesh, or still on earth, do help the souls in this first sphere.

"According to Ex-Judge Rutherford, the year 1925 will witness the return of Christ and the rejuvenation of all then alive. He actually told his hearers to take out pencil and paper and make a note of the year. What will he say when, in 1925, the people then alive find that the Ex-Judge did not possess exclusive and accurate knowledge of God's designs? It was the most astounding declaration I ever heard from a professed religious lecturer. We have proof that the earth has been inhabited by human beings for at least 50,000 years and yet, according to the Ex-Judge, the end of the present human order is less than five years away.

"He didn't tell us when the general resurrection will occur, but Spiritualists know that resurrection actually takes place immediately after bodily death. In his idea of a physical, bodily, resurrection at some distant time the Ex-Judge ignores all the known laws of nature. God wastes nothing. In His marvelous economy, as Christ said, not even a sparrow falls to the ground without a purpose. When the physical body, without the spirit, goes into the grave it immediately begins to pass into natural elements. Not an atom of that body lies idle or is wasted. God knows no dead matter. All matter is constantly on the move in His great scheme of unending creation.

"No doubt the Ex-Judge believes all he said last Sunday and believes it just as earnestly as the Millerites of three generations ago gave away all they had and went to Fairmount Park in their night gowns to await transition to heaven. But God didn't send for them at their appointed time and He may not send for us at the time the Ex-Judge has kindly set for God's action. I doubt whether many will proceed to wind up all their earthly affairs in expectation of 1925."

An Answer to the Adventists

The following is from *The Springfield (Mo.) Daily Leader*. It is an able answer

to the attitude of the Seventh Day Adventists.

COMMUNICATION is favored by a constant shower of Adventist and Russellite literature. In fact, it would not be difficult to start a public reading room for both of these organizations. We have a number of kind correspondents also who write pathetically in an effort to save us from the clutches of the devil. Were it not for these little remembrances, there are days, we fear, when life would be rather dull.

When some of your Adventist friends begin their fanatical ranting, you might quote from Dr. Wilkins' reply, which follows:

The criticism of Spiritualism made by Rev. D. P. Miller, pastor of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, on the church page of *The Leader* last week, was replied to today by Dr. T. Wilkins, pastor of First Spiritualist Church.

Dr. Wilkins prefaces his article with the following: "Finding you unbiased in your outward and public treatment of the various ideas upon religious subjects, and honoring that special feature of fairness in *The Leader*, I herewith submit the enclosed article for publication, asking the same courtesy at this time as you accord the pastors of other denominations.

"It seems that Rev. D. P. Miller, pastor of the Seventh Day Advent Church of Springfield is perturbed 'over the rapid spread of Spiritualism.' We acknowledge the 'spread' and wish here to thank the frightened 'spreaders' for their assistance.

"There was a time when we would all have been put to the torture of the thumb-screw and the rack for trying to uncover the sleeping soul of the peaceful dead, but they themselves broke the long silence of fear and misteaching and misinterpretation of the words of the Divine Master in his mission upon earth, who was put to death because He had the courage of His convictions.

"It seems to annoy all other denominations to learn that the same power that existed two thousand years ago still exists, an acknowledged fact demonstrable by science. That truth for which Christ was crucified, is being rapidly spread, again.

"Mr. Miller says: 'The moment that one believes that people can converse with the dead, he is deceived and confused in mind, laboring under the belief that he is holding intercourse with the departed friends or relations when he is, in fact, communicating with Satan's agents that are personifying the dead.'

"He also says, regarding the so-called dead: 'These wicked spirits—fallen angels—have in many cases a correct history of the lives of the dead and in this way they are able to deceive the living.'

"'Wicked spirits' return, according to this reverend gentleman. If an intelli-

gent representative of a human being has found an open door, why can not any other intelligent spirit find one and return to visit a loved one on earth?

"In his anxiety to place the iron heel of hate upon a truth which he says is 'spreading rapidly' to the numerical diminution of all other denominations, but to the final removal of the veil between the world material and the spiritual world, he feels glorified in keeping humanity hoodwinked and totally blinded as to the eternal life and progress of the spirit-man who has been born into this earth life according to the design of an infinite intelligence—an omnipotent power—as an initiatory individualisation of a part of the Great Whole of Life, to express and help in the evolutionary process of spirit and matter; to help the world to grow in usefulness in a universe of worlds and suns and moons.

"He speaks of Sir Oliver Lodge, the noted scientist who recently was in this country, not as a Spiritualist, but as a scientist who has re-discovered what was discovered two thousand years ago, saying: 'He claims that he holds communion with his son, Raymond, who has been dead for some time. This man's standing in the scientific world gives him a wide hearing and following; no more powerful agent could be engaged by the enemy of souls, and his influence for evil is the greater because he thoroughly believes what he says.'

"Not only that, brother, but these scientists know what they say to the world is true before they speak it. They do not have to fear the stake and fagot, and do not have to be so careful and cautious as when old superstition and ignorance were in the lead. We seem to be on the border line between ignorance and enlightenment, just over the fence as it were, and out of reach of the tyrant's cruel grasp, but still have a few relics of barbarism to contend with, which would throttle 'free thought' and 'free speech' and 'make the sun to stand still,' until they collect a few modern thoughts.

"These people should awake from their dreams of the past and take passage on an airship to do their collecting of 'modern thought.' It would not necessitate the effort necessary to hinder the revolutions of that orbit of light so much needed in the commercial, social and religious spheres of earth.

"Mr. Lodge is no doubt too busy with the larger things of life to pay much attention to this special criticism, and had it not been of Springfield we should have paid only a passing thought to it. The small javelins of criticism hurled at him do not hurt, and the God of Christianity hasn't seen fit to

"He goes right along telling what he has learned of his son's safety in the hands of Divinity, in another sphere of activity.

"Can any harm come of all this 'spread of Spiritualism?' He is not talking for Spiritualism as a cult, but is telling a truth that he has just come into possession of, by and through scientific investigation, and renewed the love between his son and himself. Everyone has the same right and privilege. Nature is no respecter of persons, even if she has made some handsomer than others and with a more susceptible and powerful brain and mind.

"Thanks for every 'boost' given this truth from any and all angles. Thanks to Marie Corelli, Bishop Weldon, Father Vaughn, et al."

The Perturbed English Bishops

Spiritualism has been gaining so rapidly in England that some of the high dignitaries of the Episcopal Church have viewed the spread of the truth with such alarm that it is evident they are determined to offer concerted opposition.

We believe that the only answer required to the following from *The New York Tribune* is to remind our readers that these views are fraught with real alarm. These English bishops feel that they are slipping. In sounding their warning, they admit that some of the most prominent persons in England are subscribing to the doctrines of the Spiritualists. This fact makes the attack of the bishops rather pathetic. In sending out their warning, they are obliged to admit that some of the foremost thinkers are deeply interested in the continuity of life and spirit communication.

The article follows:

Seven Church of England Bishops have simultaneously made public statements in denunciation of popular Spiritualism. This is undoubtedly the beginning of what will grow to be a formidable opposition to the wave of popular interest in that subject which has swept over England in the last twelve months.

While formerly Spiritualism was a cult only of unknown cranks, fakers and mountebanks and exploited almost solely for sensational amusement, morbid curiosity or hard cash, it has recently been lifted into more dignified and scientific realms by the persistent advocacy and investigation of such well-known men as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of Sherlock Holmes fame, and Sir Oliver Lodge, the respected and noted scientist.

In addition, the English newspapers, particularly the Sunday issues, have been filling columns with signed articles from persons in the public eye, mostly in support of Spiritualism, and with long accounts of spiritualistic demonstrations and manifestations. One of the latest stunts is to print photographs of alleged spirits hovering around the flesh and blood subjects of the pictures and there are three plays dealing wholly or in part with

Spiritualism on the London stage today.

But the campaign of pro-spiritualism reached a climax with the publication in Lord Northcliffe's *Sunday Weekly Dispatch* of a series of full-page articles purporting to give in great detail an inspired account of life after death by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, an English vicar. The series has already been running fourteen weeks, is still going strong and is being followed with tremendous interest by a multitude of British readers. It is claimed, in fact, that the paper has gained 250,000 in circulation since the articles began to be published.

Undoubtedly it is this last outburst from an English churchman which has rallied the bishops to concerted action against the growing favor of Spiritualism. Listen to the bishops.

Bishop of Hereford: "Nothing is more certain than that spiritualistic investigations are, for ordinary people, mentally and morally debilitating. No progress is made in them and it is difficult to believe that any genuinely scientific character attaches to researches so barren, so heavily shadowed by fraud and so plainly unwholesome to the investigators."

Bishop of Norwich: "So far as Spiritualism relates to communication with those behind the veil I do not believe that we can obtain anything so strong and comforting as the consciousness of our fellowship in Christ, who unites the living and the dead."

Bishop of Truro: "In this life the future is veiled from our eyes. If it were not so, life would be hardly tolerable and our very freedom of will would be in jeopardy. Therefore, fortune-telling, crystal gazing and all such things are clearly, so far as they are in earnest, efforts to cut across the wisdom of the Divinely-ordered plan

"Of the life to come we are told some little and then the veil is drawn. If Spiritualism attempts to lift this veil that we may gain from its lifting some knowledge of the future, then clearly we are going outside the divine plan of life. Success in this endeavor would make us all, not creatures of circumstance, but mere automata at the will of the future."

The Bishop of Lincoln: "Those attempting to probe the future are trying to open a door closed by God."

The Bishop of Lichfield: "On the main point the welcome I should give to any scientific demonstration of the conscious existence after death of personalities whom I have loved and revered on earth and of real intercourse with them, then I am sure I am not prejudiced against Spiritualism. But it is impossible for me to read without some prejudice the exposition of the nature of that conscious existence, which Spiritualists hold to be revealed to them by the departed through 'controls' and 'mediums.'"

Stop the spread nor stop the flow

And on this scientist must go

For Truth must live and grow and spread,

Till all its enemies are dead."

Camp and Other News

News reports from Lake Pleasant, Mass., Lily Dale, N. Y., and Chesterfield, Ind., indicate that records of camp attendance are being broken, and that enthusiasm is greater than it ever has been.

COMMUNICATION does not pretend to be a newspaper, and we realize that in making personal mention it is not possible to cover the field. We do hope that as many of our readers as possible will attend these and other camp meetings.

The camp at Lily Dale is conducted by the National Spiritualists' Association, the camp at Lake Pleasant is the gathering ground of the National Spiritual Alliance, and Chesterfield is the home of the independents. Go to any and all, because in true Spiritualism neither look for nor see these dividing lines. All are doing beautiful work and are doing it wonderfully well.

Following are a few flashes from the big camps. We are sorry that we do not have notes from the smaller camps as well.

Lily Dale All Smiles and Success

Now let us take a look in at Lily Dale, N. Y.

We find Dr. Geo. B. Warner, president of the N. S. A., and one of the finest public speakers in America; Dr. C. A. Burgess, who believes that God intended every mortal to be healthy and happy; John Slater, not only the foremost platform medium of the world, but a humorist when he wishes to be; Mrs. M. E. Kelsey, Jack Lillie, Mary Webb Baker, Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, national superintendent of Lyceums; Mrs. Virginia Anderson of Philadelphia; Bessie Munell, Geo. W. Way, Wm. E. Hammond, Harold Bradford, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Maggie Waite, Otto von Bourg; Miss Edith Wallenburg, in charge of the Lyceum; Miss Anna Whitwell of St. Paul, musical director; Mrs. Frank W. Smith, librarian; Dr. Melvor Tyndall; Dave Rogers, who examines all passports; Mrs. Bishop, Frank Casbeer; Mrs. M. E. Caballader, editor of "The Progressive Thinker," Chicago—and ever so many other notables.

The weather has been fair, and optimism has run at high tide—and everybody has been happy. The meetings are attended as never before, and every one is looked after. Hospitality is found everywhere, and the mediums are all busy.

W. H. Carthuser, Newark, N. J., one of the foremost trumpet mediums in America, is spending the Summer at the camp, where many friends are glad to greet him and many others are pleased of

the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

Many visitors are coming over from Chautauqua and find enjoyment, inspiration and education in the beautiful lectures, and seek messages by visiting the various mediums.

Spiritualists who have delayed their visit to Lily Dale would better not permit the season to pass without paying this camp a visit.

Lake Pleasant Lives Up to Its Name

In the northern part of Massachusetts, there is another lively camp. Lake Pleasant never had so many visitors, nor has it ever been favored with a larger number of splendid mediums.

New England is a stronghold of Spiritualism, and the Alliance has a host of friends. It is making more—because its efforts are sincere and untiring.

To give our readers a fair idea of how contented the good folk at Lake Pleasant look and feel, we reproduce herewith a photograph showing three of the Alliance



Left to right: President Irwin, Secretary Mary Page, and Treasurer D. W. Thurber.

officers. There is just as much sunshine in their hearts as there is in their faces—and there is so much, indeed, that they are glad of the opportunity of helping direct a good share of the warming rays of fellowship upon all the visitors who are fortunate enough to route their vacations via Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Big Days at Chesterfield

Chesterfield, Ind., located on the traction line, five miles out of Anderson, Ind., is in full operation, and all previous attendance records have been so badly shattered, they can not be located.

The hotels are filling up, and will be kept full, and the larger number of mediums, representing all phases of the work, are as busy as they can be.

The official board has made the greatest effort to produce the best possible talent for platform work. Mrs. Josie K. Stewart is creating the greatest interest with her independent spirit card writing, and Mr. C. W. Stewart is holding the rapt attention of the large audiences with his scientific lectures.

Rev. E. W. Sprague and wife, A. Scott Bledsoe, Etta Bledsoe, Marion Carpenter and Justin Titus will be the speakers for the month of August.

Trumpet work in the light will be given on the platform, from time to time, in full view of the audience.

At present, twenty-three States are represented and by Aug. 27, which is Convention Day, fully forty States will be represented.

July 17 was opening day and the numbers in attendance exceeded any other opening day in the history of Chesterfield.

Justin Titus of Indianapolis, the speaker of the afternoon, gave a splendid address, which was followed by flag raising in the park, at which Brother Stewart gave a short talk. In the afternoon he gave one of his wonderful lectures which was followed by the marvelous spirit card writings through Mrs. Stewart's mediumship. The week's programme was followed, except on Wednesday, when T. W. Smith, president of the camp association, gave his time to W. H. Gray of Kansas City, who, with Mrs. Gray, is visiting the camp for the first time.

The Lyceum is in charge of Mrs. W. D. McClure of San Diego, Cal., who is heart and soul in the work and is doing wonderfully well; the right woman for the place.

The grove meetings, held in the evening in the park, under Mrs. Stewart's leadership, are proving most interesting, and visitors express their opinions freely that Chesterfield has the highest class talent obtainable.

Wm. E. Hart, of Kansas City, Kans., the noted voice medium, was instrumental in inducing many Kansas and Missouri Spiritualists to attend Chesterfield this Summer. Among the arrivals at the hotels are:

Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Mrs. Anna Good and Mrs. Susie Bartlett of Cincinnati; Mrs. E. A. Holden and granddaughter of Nienah, Wis.; J. C. Richeard of Los Angeles; A. R. Sloan, Delhart, Tex.; T. J. Gunther, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. W. D. McClure, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. M. E. Hays, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Dr. J. L. Work, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. J. Albert, Wyoming, Ohio; Mrs. Bertha Dorian,

N. Bitters, Indian-
C. Benson, Huntington,
de, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs.
Detroit; Geo. Gold, Cin-
Hornick, Detroit; W. D.
Ind.; Maryetta Spink,
wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dan
H. Coffey, L. M. Knakal,
ark, all of Kansas City,
Williams, Detroit; Mrs. M.
n; Mrs. Nellie Milson,
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"Yes."

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"Good-bye."

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Lyceum roll-call, 2:15 P. M., Sunday
2nd floor, 807 Federal St., N. S.
Chartered by P. S. A.

Treated In Her Home

About the middle of December, 1917,
about 4 o'clock in the evening, being all
alone, I sensed the presence of some one
upstairs: I went up and went through
all the rooms, looked carefully in every
wardrobe and closet, could find no one,
looked after the windows and doors and
locked them. So I know there was no
one in the house save myself; came down,
looked through all the rooms below; all
was silent, no one there. Seemingly I was
getting so cold, like a cold wind blowing
on me.

I turned on the lights and fired 'up
heavy but I could not get warm. At the
same time I could hear some one walking
from one room into another. I could
hear the swish and rustle of the person's
garments so plain. That kept up until
about 8:30 o'clock; then the person came
into the room above where I slept, which
was the living room. This person sat
down on the bed, took off his shoes,
dropped them on the floor with a loud
noise just like some one throwing them
down heavy.

I was so cold by that time I thought I
would go to bed and see if I could get
warm. As soon as I was in bed, the
person came down stairs, went through
all the rooms, staying quite a while in
each room. Finally he came in my room
and stood in the middle of the room
where I was lying and stood about four
feet from my bed. Say, believe me, it
was a monster big Indian chief. He was
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ing. Such big arms and muscles; the
largest Indian I ever saw. He stood with
his side to me as though he did not see
me; was dressed in his natural outfit.
The room was dark, only a dim light from
the street. I saw him with my mind's
eye; he stayed fully five minutes gazing
apparently at a picture on the wall. I
was getting so nervous I turned over and
pulled the covers up over my face. He
was gone that quickly.

I got up (the coldness went from me).
I turned on the lights, went upstairs but
could see no trace of anything; nothing
disturbed.

I was told it was Chief Big Eagle. My
husband in spirit life had brought him to
magnetize my house and strengthen me.
There was a woman that came to my house
so often that was not a true Spiritualist,
or good friend either, and he was afraid she
would deplete my strength. I was not
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up so rested and felt so much better than I
had for a long time. I have been stronger
and in better health ever since.

"MISSOURI."

Kokomo, Ind.; F. R. Bitters, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. C. Benson, Huntington, Pa.; Wm. C. Brade, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. W. C. Glover, Detroit; Geo. Gold, Cincinnati; Rachael Hornick, Detroit; W. D. Cook, Montpelier Ind.; Maryetta Spink, W. H. Gray and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stellar, Mrs. W. H. Coffey, L. M. Knakal, and Jewett P. Clark, all of Kansas City, Kans.; W. J. Williams, Detroit; Mrs. M. E. Howe, Boston; Mrs. Nellie Milson, Geo. R. Nelson, Kansas City, Mo.; W. H. Wichull and wife, Chicago.

The cottages are filling up rapidly, and each day brings new visitors.

Before August has flown, try to be among those present at Chesterfield. You will say that it is the best ever!

A Reasonable Sort of Criticism

She was small and active, and positive—and getting slightly gray and bent.

When she took her place in the circle, she eyed every sitter suspiciously, and it was evident that she was going to be on her guard against being imposed upon.

Finally the lights were turned out, and the forty-odd persons began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then there was some singing.

Pretty soon a trumpet could be heard tapping around the circle, and the voices began to come through.

Nearly every one else had received a message, and finally directly in front of this little old lady, a voice said, "Martha, this is John."

"I'm pleased to meet you, John," she replied. "But how can I be sure that it is you?"

"Nobody else would care to come to you, Martha," John responded. "I am—or was—your husband, and I told you that I would come through and prove to you that I never died. I said so, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, John. But—you said that you would repeat a sentence so that I could positively identify you. Let's have it."

For a moment, there was silence, and John responded, "I said that I would love you till the cows come home."

"That's just what you said, John. Yes, those are the words. Now, isn't that remarkable?"

"And I also told you that, if I had the power to prevent it, Brother Jim would never get any of my estate. That came true, didn't it?"

"It surely did, John. Are you happy?"

"I couldn't be happier," John responded.

"So you're happy without me, are you? Say, John, are there many good looking women where you are? I mean, do they get young when they come over?"

John chuckled. He assured his wife

that everybody becomes young in spirit.

For a few seconds she was silent.

"How are you coming to me, John?" she asked presently.

"Through the trumpet," John replied.

"Oh, through one of those tin horns I saw when I came into the room?"

"Yes."

There was silence, and John finally said, "Good-bye."

After the seance was ended, the friend who had brought this lady asked her what she thought of it now.

"Oh, it was interesting," she replied. "For a time I almost was convinced. But, Sadie, you remember John. He weighed two hundred and eighty-seven pounds, and the very idea of saying that he could come through one of those trumpets. Sadie, it's one of two things: Either this whole performance is a fraud, or else where John is, they are subjecting him to terrible heat to reduce his weight. It appears to me one thought is no more consoling than another. Come on, let's go home!"

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I turned on the lights and fired up heavy but I could not get warm. At the same time I could hear some one walking from one room into another. I could hear the swish and rustle of the person's garments so plain. That kept up until about 8:30 o'clock; then the person came into the room above where I slept, which was the living room. This person sat down on the bed, took off his shoes, dropped them on the floor with a loud noise just like some one throwing them down heavy.

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"MISSOURI."

Some Helpful Suggestions to Automatagraph Owners

Important Facts Relative to the Operation of this Automatic Writing Device

The "forces" build up more rapidly for some persons than for others—and we never know just what the nature of our own forces will be until we have made the test.

Some years ago, in England, extensive tests were made with persons who had suffered breakdowns, both mental and physical. They were put through a series of light exercises, and careful records were maintained. It was found that those who were helped most were those who **TOOK PLEASURE** in their work.

Some of the greatest athletes have said, "The way to develop a muscle is to make your exercise pleasurable, and **KEEP YOUR MIND** on the muscles you are using. This sends the blood to those muscles and carries on the system of waste-and-repair more thoroughly."

And so, in sitting with the Automatagraph, **FEEL HAPPY** about it. Once you regard these sittings as a sort of distasteful duty, you will gain no value from them. Only as you **LOOK FORWARD** to those sittings can they help you, and bring out manifestations—which may be automatic writings, or other psychic manifestations.

In starting to write, sit in the dark—in **PITCH BLACKNESS**, preferably. Observe just the same conditions that would be required in the ordinary seance.

Be sure that you are seated comfortably. Any strained physical position retards the forces. Do not cross your legs, and do not permit any part of your body to become cramped.

Hold the pencil in a natural position—some distance from the carriage. The pencil must not come up close to the carriage, or your writing, when it starts, will be small and cramped.

Often the first indications are straight, or wavy, lines. The next step usually is a series of circles—or other seemingly meaningless designs. Frequently one letter will repeat itself line after line—and when words begin to form, one word—likely a name—will be written over and over. This is because the forces are being brought out—tested—put into action.

Frequently, instead of getting writings, or any movement of the pencil on the pad of paper, the sitter sees lights or hears raps. Some have **FELT** spirit hands touch them. Others have had clairaudience brought to them—have heard the voices of their loved ones. If the dear ones on the other side find that your forces are not adapted to writing, they will build up those forces for

the development of whatever psychic power you have; a power that may have remained sleeping within you since childhood.

Regularity is more important than frequent sittings. But keep these facts before you:

The greatest privilege on earth is to communicate, through one means or another, with the loved ones in spirit. Nothing else can be compared in value with this privilege.

One of the most successful slate-writing mediums, sat three or four times a week for **SEVEN YEARS**—but the night came when he heard the tapping of the pencil, and received his first message.

The Automatagraph is a **BATTERY FOR THE FORCES**. It gives them direction. It systematizes them. Ordinarily, these forces might be dissipated. They might flow away as rapidly as they were generated.

Some of the men and women who own Automatagraphs, hold sittings for healing purposes and report splendid results. Others take members of their families into the room, and have them sit in a circle around the table—and have begun to get writings through these accumulated forces. Some of the others have begun to develop their own powers.

If you never got a scratch of writing, the Automatagraph still would prove a valuable investment for you, and would repay you many times the five dollars you sent for it.

To our friends who have not sent their orders, we can say this in all truth: Precisely as electricity requires its various instruments, devices and machines for generation and transmission, so do the psychic forces in the body require similar generation and direction. The Automatagraph provides the means, and always brings some results, whether they be objectively recognized or not.

The Automatagraph will not retard any kind of development you may have. It is a silent partner of the forces, and its very construction lends its design and its parts to the upbuilding of these forces.

In sending your five dollars, we ask that you mail your remittance to The Stead Center, 533 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill. The prices of materials and workmanship have gone up since we first put out this device, but we are going to sell it at this original price so long as any of the present supply is on hand.

Who Was St. John the Divine?

Some Interesting Lights on a Master Mind and the Messages Which That Individual Brought

About nineteen centuries ago, on the Island of Patmos, a strange individual saw and talked with the hosts of spirit. He was a prisoner, perhaps; but if he was, only his body was imprisoned. No soul had greater freedom.

St. John the Divine, the mystery of the Scriptures, heard a voice "as of a trumpet" talking, and he was "in the spirit on the Lord's day." What he heard was chronicled in the most remarkable book in the Bible, the Book of Revelation.

St. John was careful to say—because he was told to be sure to say it—that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." In other words, as truly as Christ brought a prophetic message to this world, that certainly was His mission important, and that surely was His message vital.

Looking forward through the mists of the unborn centuries, St. John, and the spirits who guided him, could see that the message which he inscribed on Patmos would be translated into many tongues—but it was a message that was aflame with portent. It was the heart of prophecy itself. That message was a treasure—and so rare a treasure that it could not be treated lightly, or be suffered to miscarry in its purpose.

If God saw forward nineteen hundred years, then He has seen forward through all time—and as the Scriptures say, the past, the present and the future are as one to the Father.

If the spirit-world, acting as God's messengers, could and did bring to St. John the Divine, an accurate forecast of what would occur nineteen centuries hence, then that was proof conclusive that Christ came as a special messenger from the Father, and brought to God's children on earth the assurance that God knows at all times all that every one of us thinks and does.

Sometimes in the humdrum of our material cares, with bills falling due, with sickness upsetting us, with grief entering our homes and our hearts, we feel that we have inherited a legacy of clay, and the penalty of a drab existence. And the more we feel the commonplace of this material life, the less we shall search for the beauties of spiritual truth. We are inclined to sink into a work-a-day mental state that makes neither for progress nor for happiness.

We must lift our eyes at times from these commonplaces (important though they are) to the heights of the greater thought. Often we need some sort of mental stimulation, a kind of self-starter, to accomplish this.

But to return to St. John the Divine: While he thought and wrote in the language of his day, he knew that the time must come when there would be many other languages into which his message must be translated.

English, French, German and many other modern languages, were being born. There would be millions—aye, and hundreds of millions—who would require that message, but who would know naught of Greek, Hebrew and Latin.

There was one language that never would change. That was the language of numbers. Throughout all time, 1 would be 1, and 10 would be 10—because numbers exist, like natural law, "in the nature of things."

Throughout the Book of Revelation there is the golden thread of the language of numbers. And it is this language that made possible the most marvelous hidden writings, or ciphers, that ever were put together.

Now, you may say, when we talk about our book of 160 pages, "The Ciphers of the Apocalypse," that you are not interested in learning about the prophecies of Revelation. To this extent you are interested: This book helps you lift your mind to the level of the higher things—and no person ever has been so highly developed that he or she did not need this elevating influence.

Today, something may be wrong. In this mortal life, something seems to go wrong most of the time. There are physical ills, and worries, and disappointments, and financial ills and obligations—and maybe too much work, or too much indifference.

Spiritualists delight in experiencing the phenomena—but many who have passed along the road, have come back to say that they wished that they had thought more and done more. To see and hear the manifestations is helpful and interesting, but to key one's thoughts to a higher pitch, is the real purpose back of communication.

It is not so much the working out of these ciphers that concerns you, as the vital thought that it was possible to prophesy these events of our time, nineteen centuries ago. To realize that this prophecy was real, is to feel a ONENESS with the Great Cause that gave you being. If God could look forward all those years, His Power is limitless.

Events are moving forward (or at least FOCUSING) so rapidly today that you will find it is really important to pay some heed to this prophecy, and prepare yourself for the sweeping changes through which we are passing. During the next four or five years, you will find many moments when you will be happy to say, "I knew that it was coming."

If you have sent your dollar for a prepaid copy of this book, you realize that it is an unusual volume. If you have not sent your order, why not do so today? Whatever helps you think, can never be a waste. And the day is coming when you will point to your copy of "The Ciphers of the Apocalypse" and say to friends, "Here is absolute proof, provided by Spiritualism, that the big change was foreseen and it was not by chance, not through coincidence, that this great truth of communication came to all the world."

You will say that, and you would pay gladly many times the dollar that will procure a copy of this book today.

In sending, please address your letter to "Communication," 981 Rand, McNally Building, Chicago, Ill.

Read this book—and put it away for future reference—because the day will arrive when you will realize to the fullest that "The Testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of Prophecy!"

Do Animals Really Think?

Have They a Reasoning Faculty, or Do They Go Through Life Automatically?

Do animals really think, or is their apparent thinking due to the habit of repetition?

In Denver, Colo., there was a dog known to all the street-car men. He made his regular trips all over town, knew where to transfer, and waited for the car he wanted. He went visiting to different parts of the city, made the proper transfers on his journey home, and would bark lustily when coming to his corner.

Some years ago, in Grand Rapids, Mich., there was a dog whose travels were more extensive. He went visiting to different cities. Every so often, he would go to Chicago, remain there two or three days, and show up in the proper railway yards at the right time—and would ride back home.

Is this thinking? If it is not, then what is it?

Is it necessary for thought to be in any certain language? Or—may it be “thought without words?”

You may say that these are idle ideas, that they lead nowhere. Is that true? Whatever light can be shed upon the subject of thought, is an addition to the knowledge of the properties of life and the definition of the soul itself.

The seal, the elephant, the horse and the dog present many examples that tend to prove that animals can and do think; that some of them have greater mental powers than others. There have been numerous instances that indicate that parrots can think. These instances are not as frequent as the unmerciful noise of those birds—but there have been cases that would prove design back of the words.

At one time, in Appleton, Wis., a family named Ramsay owned a parrot—and Polly was placed out in the air during the bright, warm days. She was in her cage, and some feet above the ground. Polly would imitate a cat, mewing so naturally that pretty soon she would have three or four of the neighborhood cats around—and would call them in a very nearly human voice. When she got them near her cage, she would shout at them and imitate a dog's bark—and apparently enjoyed the consternation of the bewildered, fleeing felines.

There are scientists who will say that this is not thinking—but does their opinion prove anything? How can there be sentient life without thought?

How can there be any life without immortality?

When you begin to study the subject of Life, you enter into consideration of the deepest and purest problems of the universe. And until you have studied Life seriously, you can not say in truth that you are getting the most out of life.

Not infrequently, we learn much about our own thought-processes by studying animal-life.

Frequently, also, observation of the actions of a baby will disclose many remarkable facts relative to thought.

Solomon had great wisdom, but he admonished mankind to “consider the lily,” because it presents a lesson in beauty that man can not even remotely imitate. A snowflake, falling to earth, as well as the water-crystal beneath the earth's surface, will teach lessons in Natural Law that must make the sages think more seriously.

Very often in our studies, we aim so high that we shoot straight over important truths that are the more important because they are very near us.

The dream, the vision, the seemingly trivial incident, may open the door for the garnering of new knowledge. Whatever pertains to human experience and the trend of human thought, is a clue that leads to deeper information regarding the soul.

Throughout Eternity, we have reason to believe that we keep on learning. There are always new truths awaiting us—or new fragments of the Great Truth, toward which we work endlessly, but at which goal we never arrive.

In order to study these truths—and gain the advantage of community thinking—The Stead Center organized its Oriental Class. It was that class which was given the Teachings that went into “God's World,” and from the same source have come innumerable other truths.

These lessons help people think. Sometimes, the class-members say, the statements are startling—but they make the students think. They help train thought in the direction of spiritual profit.

Do as many things as you wish for your material-body, but when the Summons comes, that will be left behind, and with it all that is material. Only the truths which you have brought within yourself—only the things which you have learned—can be taken into the spirit-realms. The treasures of thought are the only lasting treasures.

No matter how engrossed you may be—how many duties may be placed upon you—give your soul just a little time in which to drink of the fountain of knowledge. That will sustain you when all else is taken away.

In order to encourage our friends, we will send the first year's lessons, twelve in number, for three dollars. The enrollment for the new year's lessons, is ten dollars—and these 1920 enrollments entitle you to ask as many questions during the year as you wish, about the teachings, the philosophy, healing, psychic experiences, spirit conditions and religious matters.

Never say that there is anything trivial, or that you have no time. God expects us to find time enough to cultivate our gardens of thought, so that we may grow the beautiful flowers of character and progress.

Think this over seriously, and let us have your subscription—not for our sake alone, but for your own sake. You will find that we are sending you much more than the money you mail to us—and you will thank us some day, here or in spirit, for this friendly little talk.

Please make your remittance out to the The Stead Center, 533 Grant Place, Chicago, Illinois—and remember that several who enrolled in 1919, are in spirit today—and have thanked us from spirit for making the way easier!

You Can Get Ouija Messages on this New Board

WE HAVE heard many persons say, "I can sit till doomsday and not get one little movement out of the ouija." This is probably true—but how many persons have taken the time to inquire back into the cause? Not many, we assure you!

YOU may have JUST PART OF THE NECESSARY FORCES—and some other person may have the remainder. In the operation of the ouija, it is a good deal like a battery. There must be a POSITIVE and a NEGATIVE, and perhaps you have no means of telling which part of these essential forces you can supply.

With this NEW message-board, you will get messages—perhaps not alone—if you will follow the clear instructions that accompany each board.

More than that, this message-board divides the kinds of messages. Some of the best messages need not be spelled out—or even answered by Yes or No. There are other types of messages, and by reason of the construction of this board, you are enabled to get down to the BASIC DIVISIONS of messages, so that you will make greater speed and can rely upon the messages more fully.

This arrangement—which will be clear to you the moment you see one of these boards—helps bring about the best possible condition for messages, and overcomes the deterrents that so often have made the ouija a thing to be ridiculed and shunned.

As nearly as we can learn, about a half million ouijas were sold in America last year—and most of these were sold as toys. Thus, millions of persons are "fooling with" the ouija, without understanding the nature of the forces that operate the board. These folk must be educated—and if you are a successful operator and receive messages that can be CHECKED UP as accurate, you will be a missionary to help others find the same proper conditions.

We are going to advance the price of this new board, as soon as it is advertised, but if you will send your order without delay, remit just \$1.85, and we will send one of these new boards, WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS, prepaid and insured by parcel-post.

To some the ouija is a primer, and to others it is an unfailing means of communication. This new board is far ahead of anything else that has ever been put before the public. Its principles are correct, and you will be delighted with it.

In remitting, please address your orders to "Communication," 981 Rand, McNally Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Books You Should Add to Your Psychic Library

Here are some most interesting psychic books; and you will enjoy every one of them. Be sure to read the brief descriptions of each one, and remember that these few descriptive words necessarily fall short of giving you an adequate idea of the great interest each volume holds for you.

The Unknown by Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, who reveals the workings of that most intricate of all things—the mind. Postpaid, price, \$2.00.

A Cloud of Witnesses by Anna (Mrs. Reginald) De Koven. An introduction by Dr. James H. Hyslop. Mrs. De Koven's articles in leading magazines on Spiritualism, have attracted wide attention, and this book is filled with remarkable testimony of spirit communications. Postpaid, price, \$2.50.

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All of these books are beautifully cloth bound, and will be mailed prepaid upon receipt of the advertised price. Please remit by Post Office or Express Money Order.

If there is any psychic work which you would like, give me the opportunity of locating it for you.

Mrs. J. Blanche Teaters

Phone: Wadsworth 3430

Aldus Terrace,

600 West 186th St.

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Phone: Wadsworth 3430

Aldus Terrace,

600 West 186th St.

New York City

Marion Skidmore Library,

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Faith Triumphant

By Mary E. Lewis

Not ours, O Death, to know the pang of fear
At thine approach, our ancient enemy;
Not ours to falter, when our path draws near
The unknown ocean of Eternity:
For then we call upon a blessed Name,
A light breaks 'round us, where we stand, alone;
We grasp with failing hands the torch of flame—
And Faith Triumphant comes into her own.

O Reaper, with thy dread, relentless might,
Thou comest, yet thou hast no victory:
Beyond the shadows of the falling night
A glowing golden dawn we plainly see.
And lo, our Father's House is just ahead,
Eternal sunlight gilds its shining dome;
The fleeting spark of earthly life is dead—
And Faith Triumphant leads us safely home.

